

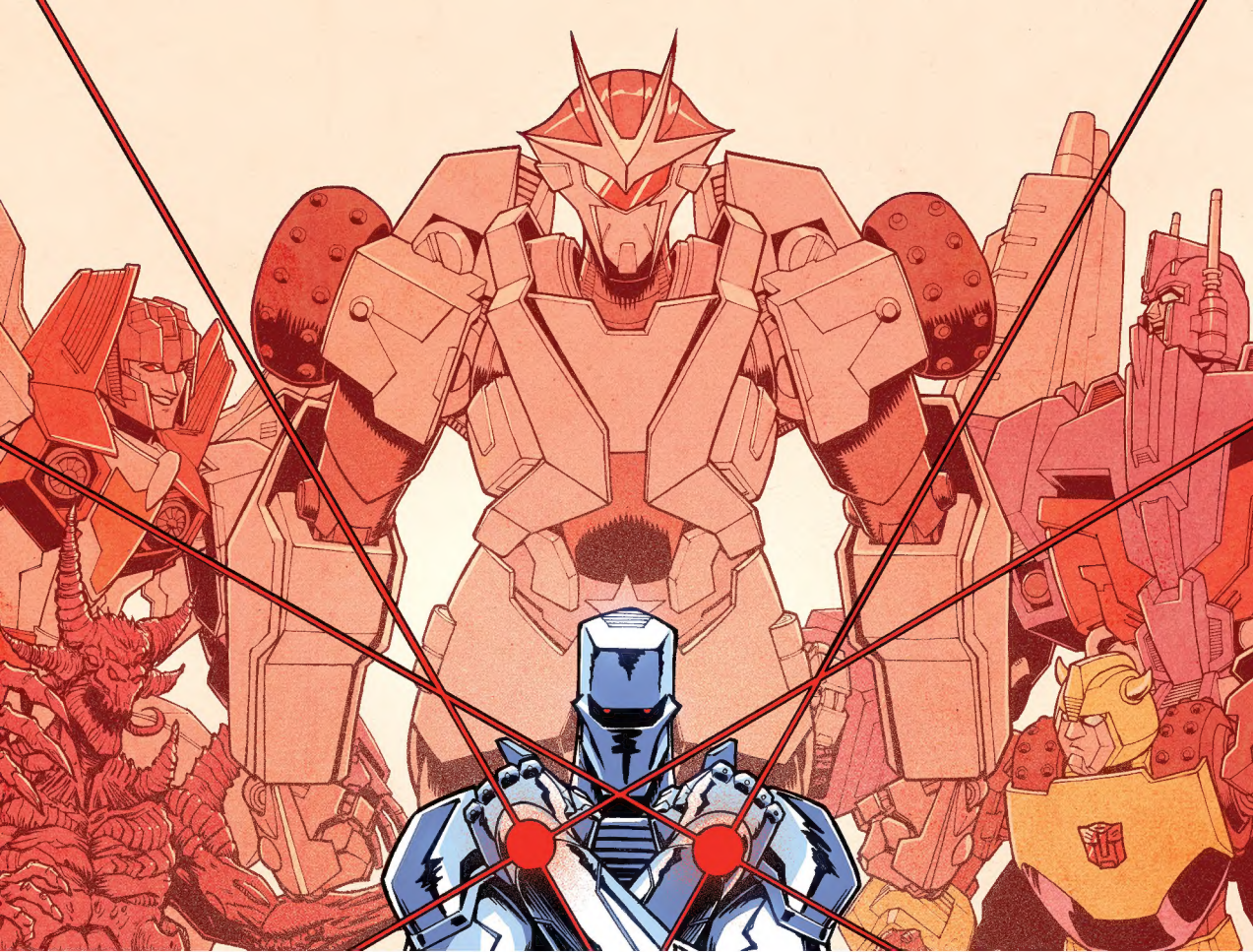
ROM vs. TRANSFORMERS

SHINING ARMOR



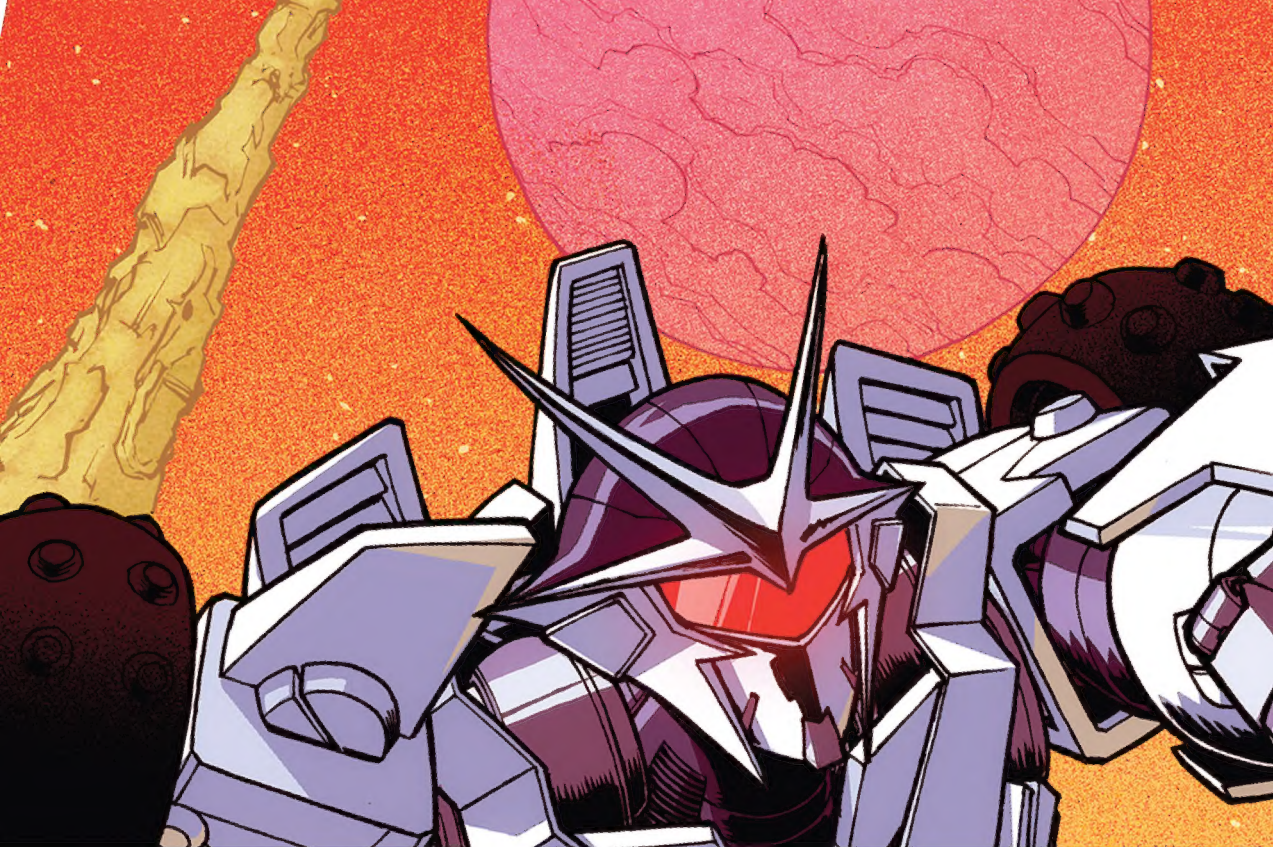
GAGE · BARBER · MILNE





ROM VS. TRANSFORMERS

SHINING ARMOR



ROM VS. TRA

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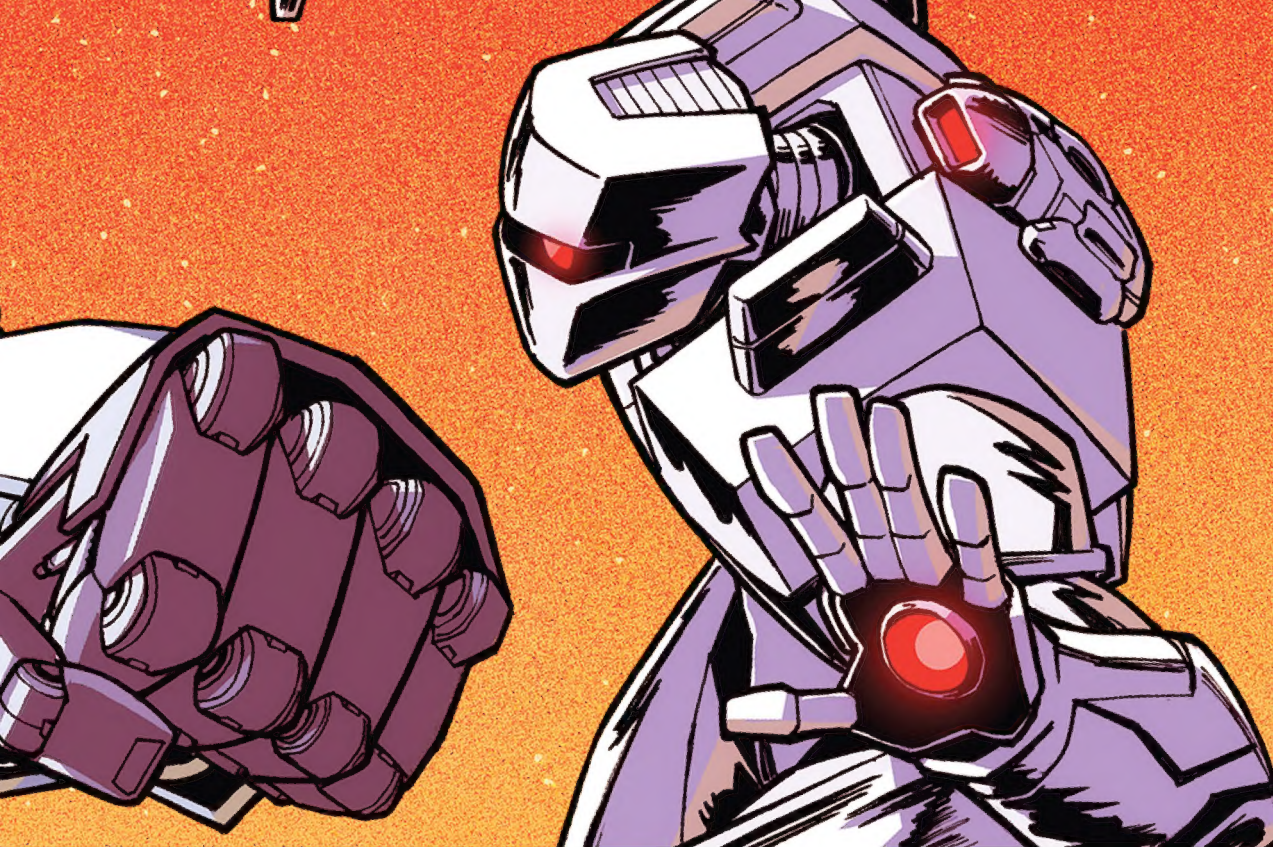
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TRANSFORMERS

SHINING ARMOR

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It was a time of war.

Centuries ago—before the Cybertronian conflict raged across Earth; before Rom arrived on human shores—the galaxy's farthest reaches served as battleground for two very different struggles.

The Cybertronian Civil War raged between the mechanical life forms known as Autobots and Decepticons—the conflict rendering their planet uninhabitable. The war spread to the stars, where an alliance of biological civilizations—the Galactic Council—stood in opposition.

PREVIOUSLY...

Elsewhere, Knights of the Solstar Order encased themselves in crystalline metallic armor to battle the shapechanging, magic-using Dire Wraiths. The Solstar Order has scored a major victory by destroying the Wraith homeworld—leaving the remnants scrambling for a foothold.

Into this environment, a Cybertronian colony world unwittingly sends a deep-space probe with a very unusual cargo...

_SOLSTAR KNIGHTS



ROM



LIVIA

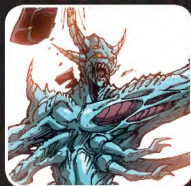
_DIRE WRAITHS



SATA



STARDRIVE



VEKKTRAL

ROLL CALL

_DECEPTICONS



STARSCREAM



RAMJET



THRUST



BLITZWING



DIRGE



ASTROTRAIN



DOOMWINGS

_AUTOBOTS



ULTRA MAGNUS



BUMBLEBEE



SKY BLAST



**THE GRAY AREA.
BETWEEN SOLSTAR ORDER
AND GALACTIC COUNCIL SPACE.**

MAYDAY!
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK!

SOMEBODY
OUT THERE,
HELP US!

NOBODY'S
LISTENING.
JUST KEEP
STEADY.

ARE YOU
OUT OF YOUR
NEOCORTEX?

THOSE
BLASTS ARE
GETTING TOO
CLOSE FOR
"STEADY!"

WHERE DID YOU
LEARN TO AIM,
HELMSMAN?

FINISH OFF THE
CYBERTRONIAN
SHIP!

TRYING,
SIR. THEY'RE
SLIPPERY.

OH
PRIMUS!

WE'RE
GOING
DOWN!

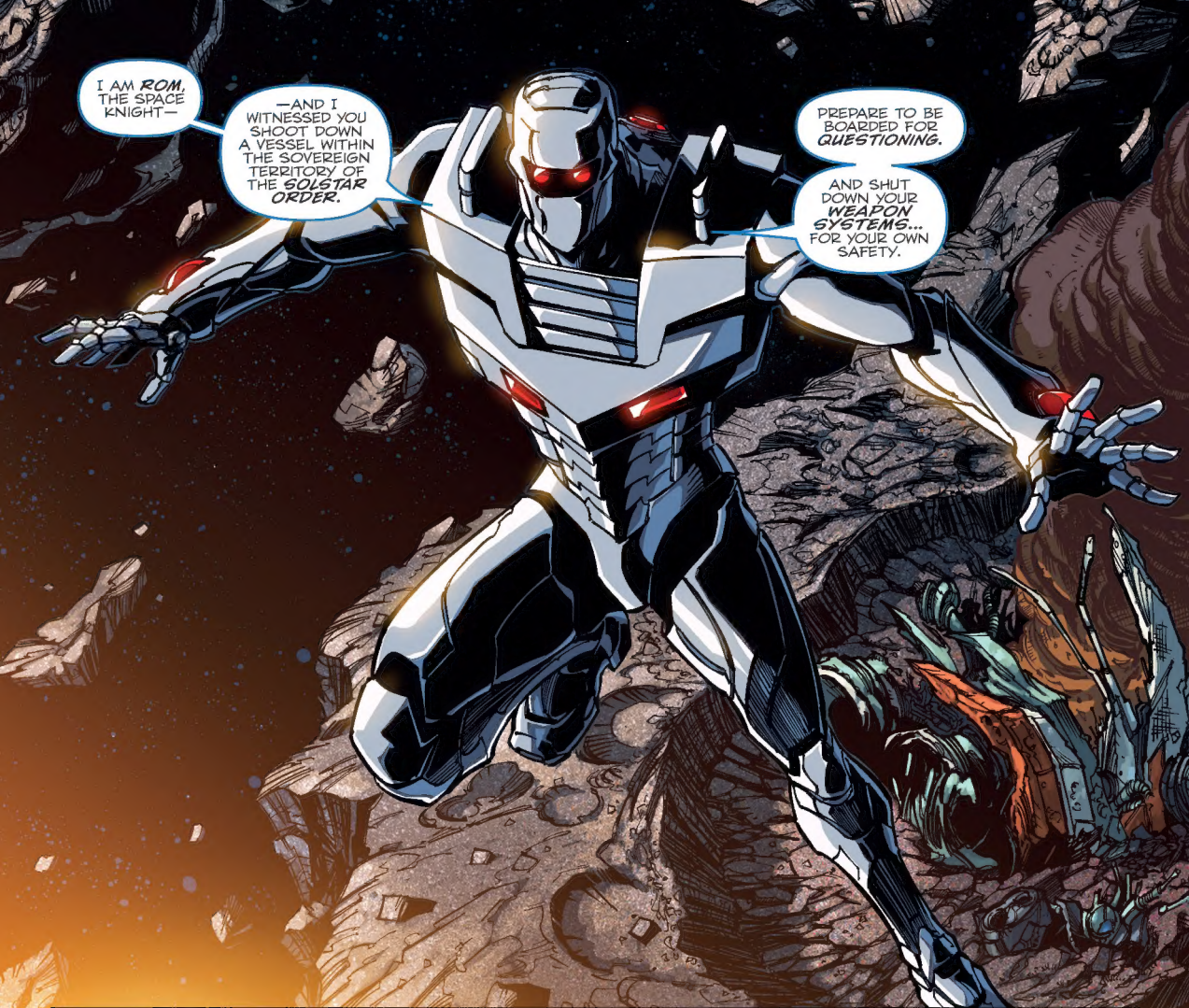
WE CAN
STILL—

EXCELLENT
SHOT.

YOUR
MARKSMAN-
SHIP DESERVES
COMMEN-
DATION.

UH, SIR.

THERE'S
A SMALL
PROBLEM.



I AM ROM,
THE SPACE
KNIGHT—

—AND I
WITNESSED YOU
SHOOT DOWN
A VESSEL WITHIN
THE SOVEREIGN
TERRITORY OF
THE **SOLSTAR
ORDER**.

PREPARE TO BE
BOARDED FOR
QUESTIONING.

AND SHUT
DOWN YOUR
**WEAPON
SYSTEMS...**
FOR YOUR OWN
SAFETY.

THIS REGION IS
GOVERNED BY
THE **GALACTIC
COUNCIL**.

WE PURSUED A
CYBERTRONIAN
ASSAULT CRAFT,
AS IS OUR
WARRANT.



CYBERTRONIANS?

HERE?

INDEED.

YOU ARE DEALING
WITH FORCES OVER
WHICH YOU HAVE NO
UNDERSTANDING—OR
JURISDICTION.

I HAVE EVERY
RIGHT TO PATROL
OUR **BORDER** AND
DETERMINE IF YOUR
ACTIONS THREATEN
**SOLSTAR
INTERESTS**.

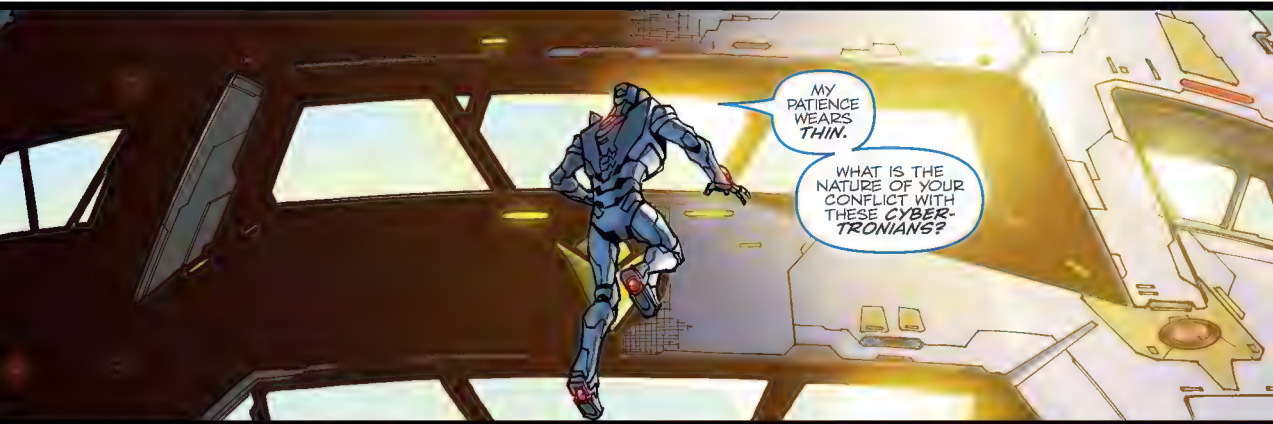
WILL YOU
GRANT ME
ENTRANCE TO
YOUR SHIP—OR
SHALL I MAKE
MY OWN
DOOR?

MUTE TRANS-
MISSION.

SIR—IF THE
STORIES OF
THE **KNIGHTS**
ARE TO BE
BELIEVED—

THAT THING
WOULDN'T LAST
TWO MINUTES
AGAINST US... BUT
I'M IN NO MOOD
TO START A
WAR.

INPUT
COORDINATES
FOR THE **SHADOW
SYSTEM**. PREPARE
TO WARD ON MY
COMMAND.



MY
PATIENCE
WEARS
THIN.

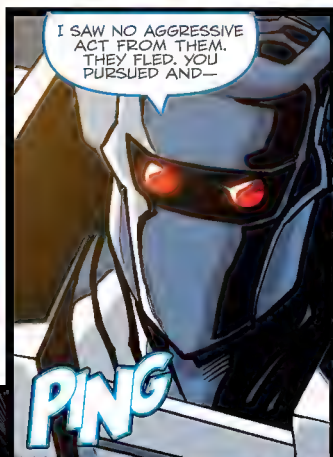
WHAT IS THE
NATURE OF YOUR
CONFLICT WITH
THESE CYBER-
TRONIANS?



YOU WOULDN'T
ASK IF YOU'D EVER
ENCOUNTERED THE
TRANSFORMERS.

THEY'RE
SOULLESS,
MECHANICAL
CREATURES, WHOSE
WAR HAS RAGED
FOR MILLIONS
OF YEARS AND
SPREAD ACROSS
THE GALAXY.

AS IS THEIR
NATURE, THEY
ATTACKED—
FORCING US TO
RETURN FIRE.



I SAW NO AGGRESSIVE
ACT FROM THEM.
THEY FLED. YOU
PURSUED AND—

PING



SOMETHING'S
ALIVE IN THE
WRECKAGE!



NOW, WHILE HE'S
DISTRACTED.

GET US
OUT OF
HERE!



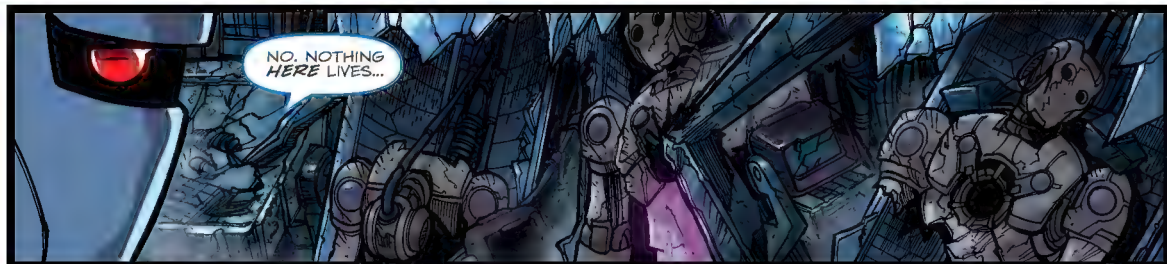
COWARDS,
BUT THEY ARE
A MATTER FOR
OUR DIPLOMATS
NOW. THE
SURVIVOR MUST
COME FIRST.

ATTENTION, SHIP.
I AM ROM OF THE
SOLSTAR ORDER,
TRANSMITTING
ACROSS ALL KNOWN
FREQUENCIES.

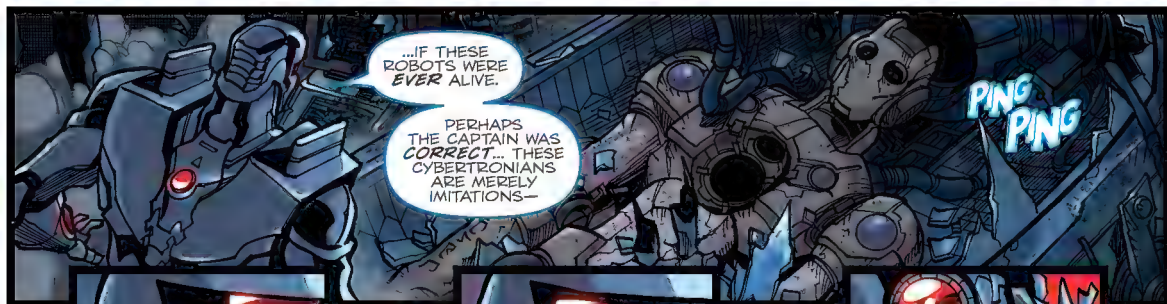
DO YOU
HEAR ME?



ANYONE?



NO. NOTHING
HERE LIVES...



...IF THESE
ROBOTS WERE
EVER ALIVE.

PERHAPS
THE CAPTAIN WAS
CORRECT... THESE
CYBERTRONIAN
ARE MERELY
IMITATIONS—

PING
PING



—OF—



—LIFE.



PING



DO NOT MOVE,
CYBERTRONIAN!

PING
PING
PIEL
PELP
HELP



YOU *DO*
LIVE!



IN THAT
EVENT...

...IT IS
MY SWORN
DUTY TO DO
ALL I CAN
TO HELP
YOU.

AND THAT
WAS THE DAY
I WAS BORN.

MY CHILDHOOD WAS...
UNUSUAL, I GUESS
YOU COULD SAY.

I WAS STILL *SOLIDIFYING*
WHEN THE SOLSTAR
DOCTORS WENT TO WORK.

I HEARD LATER
THEY ONLY DID
IT AT ROM'S
INSISTENCE.
MY SAVIOR.

BUT BACK THEN,
I WAS JUST A
KID. I HAD TO
LEARN TO TALK,
AND INTERACT
WITH PEOPLE.

ROM BROUGHT SOME
GLOWING *FUEL* FROM
THE SHIP'S LIFE
SUPPORT SYSTEM,
AND THE SOLSTAR
SCIENTISTS SET OUT
TO *SYNTHESIZE* IT.

BY MY FIFTH
SOLAR CYCLE,
I WAS
CONSIDERABLY
BIGGER THAN
MY CLASSMATES.

AND I COULD
CHANGE INTO
A CAR.

IT FELT NATURAL TO
ME, BUT IT SORT OF
FREAKED THEM OUT.

THEY STARTED CALLING ME
STARDRIVE, BUT THAT WAS
ACTUALLY BETTER THAN
GRAY AREA ANOMALY.

MY TEACHER TOLD ME
WHAT THE SOLSTAR
ORDER KNEW ABOUT
CYBERTRONIANS—

—WHICH IS TO SAY, THEY'RE
A RACE OF *GENOCIDAL
MECHANICAL MONSTERS*.

YOU'RE
LUCKY, MY
DEAR.

WITH A PROPER
SOLSTAR
UPBRINGING, YOU
CAN *OVERCOME*
YOUR HERITAGE.

AND IF YOU
PUT IN ENOUGH
WORK, PERHAPS
YOU CAN BE ONE
OF US SOMEDAY.



IT'S NOT SURPRISING
I GOT LEFT ALONE
ON OUR GRADUATION
FIELD TRIP TO
MATO GROSSO.



THAT WAS
THE DAY I
MET MY FIRST DIRE
WRAITH.

AGHHH!



WHY IS THE SOLSTAR
ORDER HERE...

...AND WHAT
ARE YOU...?



AGHHH!

YOU FEEL LIKE
A MACHINE...
BUT SCREAM LIKE
A CHILD.



FSHRRR

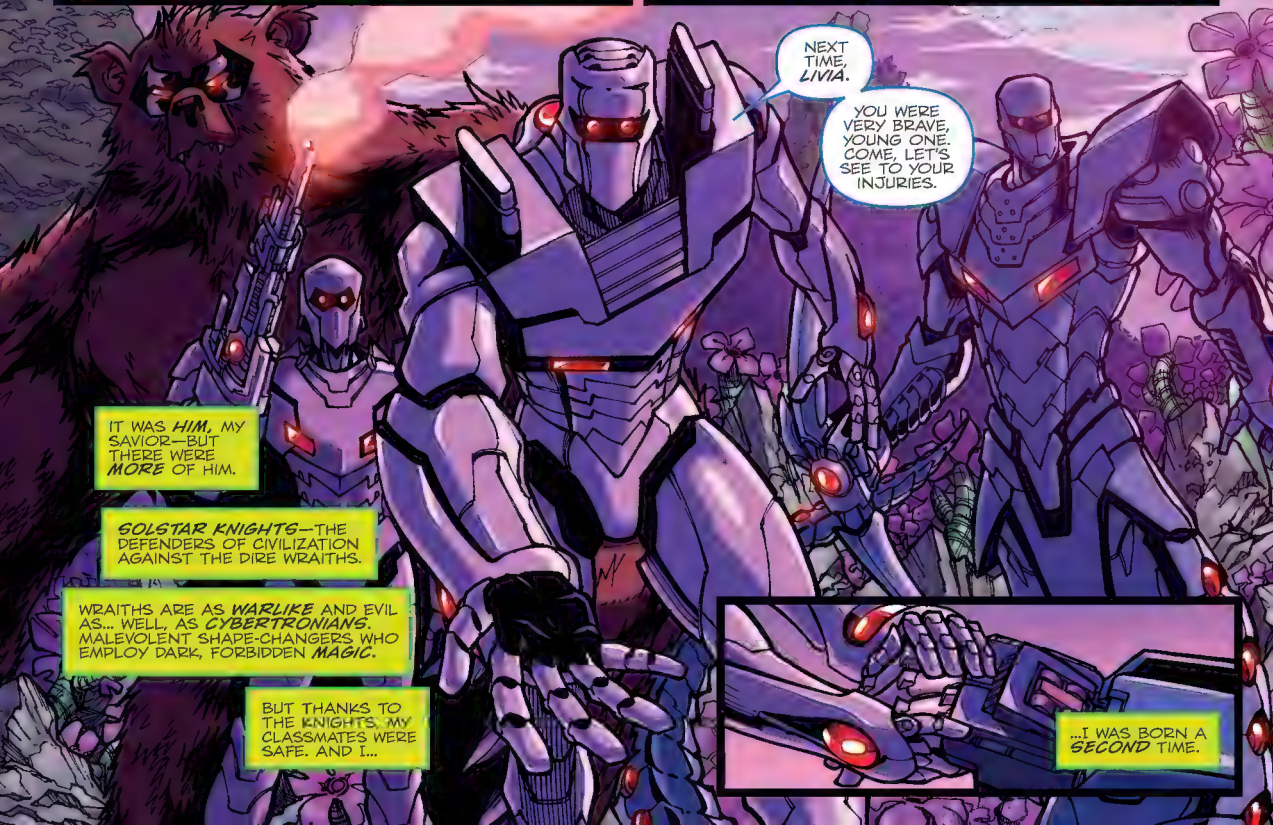
WAAHH!



WHO?

STOP HIM BEFORE HE—

—USES
MAGIC TO
ESCAPE.



NEXT TIME,
LIVIA.

YOU WERE
VERY BRAVE,
YOUNG ONE.
COME, LET'S
SEE TO YOUR
INJURIES.

IT WAS HIM, MY
SAVIOR—BUT
THERE WERE
MORE OF HIM.

SOLSTAR KNIGHTS—THE
DEFENDERS OF CIVILIZATION
AGAINST THE DIRE WRAITHS.

WRAITHS ARE AS WARLIKE AND EVIL
AS... WELL, AS CYBERTRONIANS.
MALEVOLENT SHAPE-CHANGERS WHO
EMPLOY DARK, FORBIDDEN MAGIC.

BUT THANKS TO
THE KNIGHTS, MY
CLASSMATES WERE
SAFE. AND I...



...I WAS BORN A
SECOND TIME.

MINING COLONY 25-6-41.
FAROUKO CLUSTER.
FIVE SOLAR CYCLES LATER.

YOU ARE
CLEAR FOR
LANDING,
SOLSTAR V.

WE, UH, WE DIDN'T
KNOW A KNIGHT
WOULD BE COMING
TODAY. WE WOULD'VE
PREPARED A PROPER
WELCOME—

ROUTINE
VISIT,
CONTROL...

...NOTHING TO BE
NERVOUS ABOUT.
SOLSTAR V OUT.

FWEP

SIR, YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS.

EXTREMELY
SERIOUS, CADET
SATA. THIS
MISSION COULD BE
DANGEROUS—YOU
ARE TO REMAIN
WITH THE SHIP.

TYPICAL. I'M
STUCK HERE,
WHILE AUXIN
GETS TO GO.

KEEP THE
COM-CHANNELS
CLEAR, CADET.

ER...

...YES, SIR.
I'M HERE IF
YOU NEED
ME.

beep

AND THAT
MECHANICAL...
THING. IT GOES
WHEREVER IT
WANTS.

I SHOULD HOPE SO,
CADET. PERFORM
YOUR JOB WELL,
AND ADVANCEMENT
WILL COME.

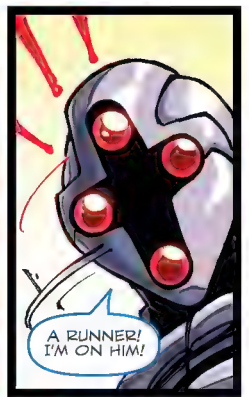
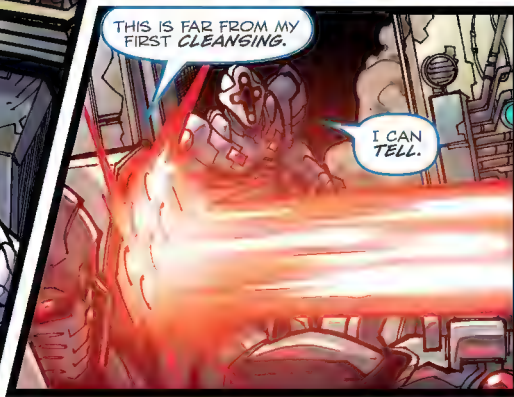
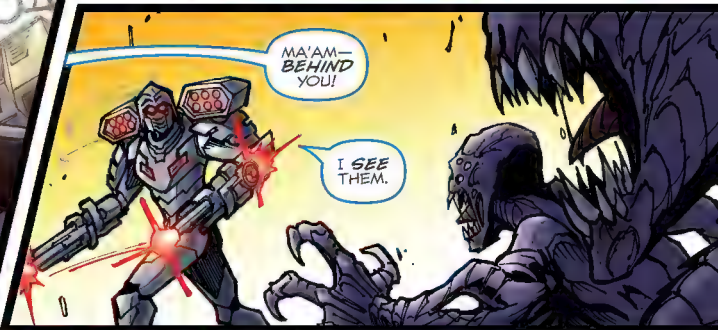
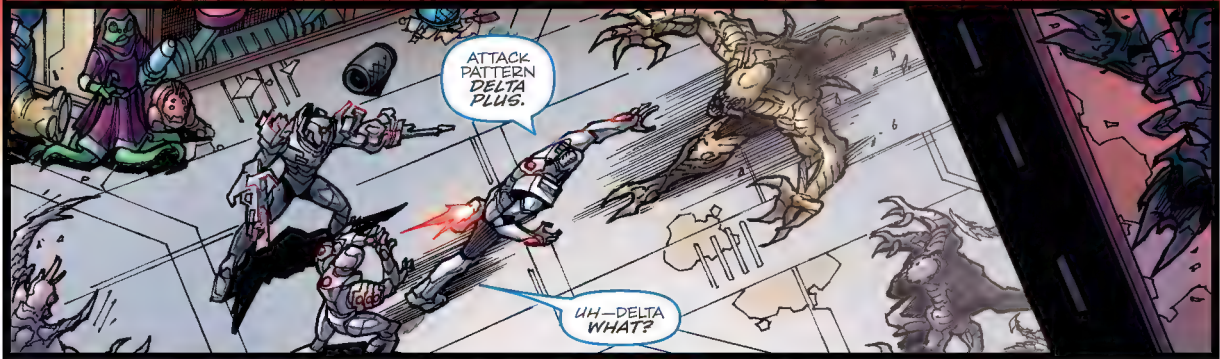
HOW DO
WE FIND THE
WRAITHS, SIR?
THEY CAN
LOOK LIKE
ANYONE.

WE USE OUR
ANALYZERS,
CADET AUXIN...

...IN CONCERT
WITH OUR
INTUITION.

YOU THERE!

AH, YOU
RECOGNIZE
ME.





CLEARLY
THIS COLONY
IS INFESTED
WITH WRAITHS.

KRUNK

SOLDIERS, NOT
SORCERERS. EASILY
DEALT WITH.

THIS IS A
WASTE OF MY
TALENTS—THE
JOB WILL BE
COMPLETED IN
SECONDS.

THEN IT HARDLY
SOUNDS LIKE A
WASTE OF—

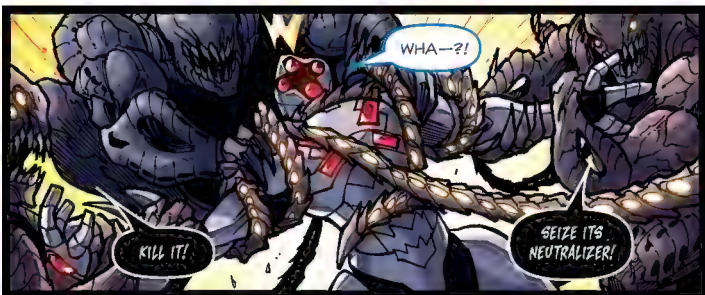
WHERE
IS THE
CADET?

WHO?



STOP!
THERE'S NO
ESCAPE!

YOU SPEAK
TRUER THAN
YOU KNOW.



WHA—?!

KILL IT!

SEIZE ITS
NEUTRALIZER!



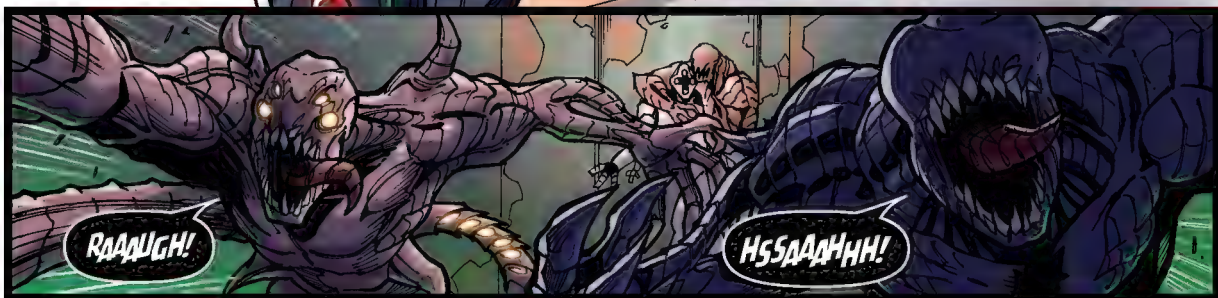
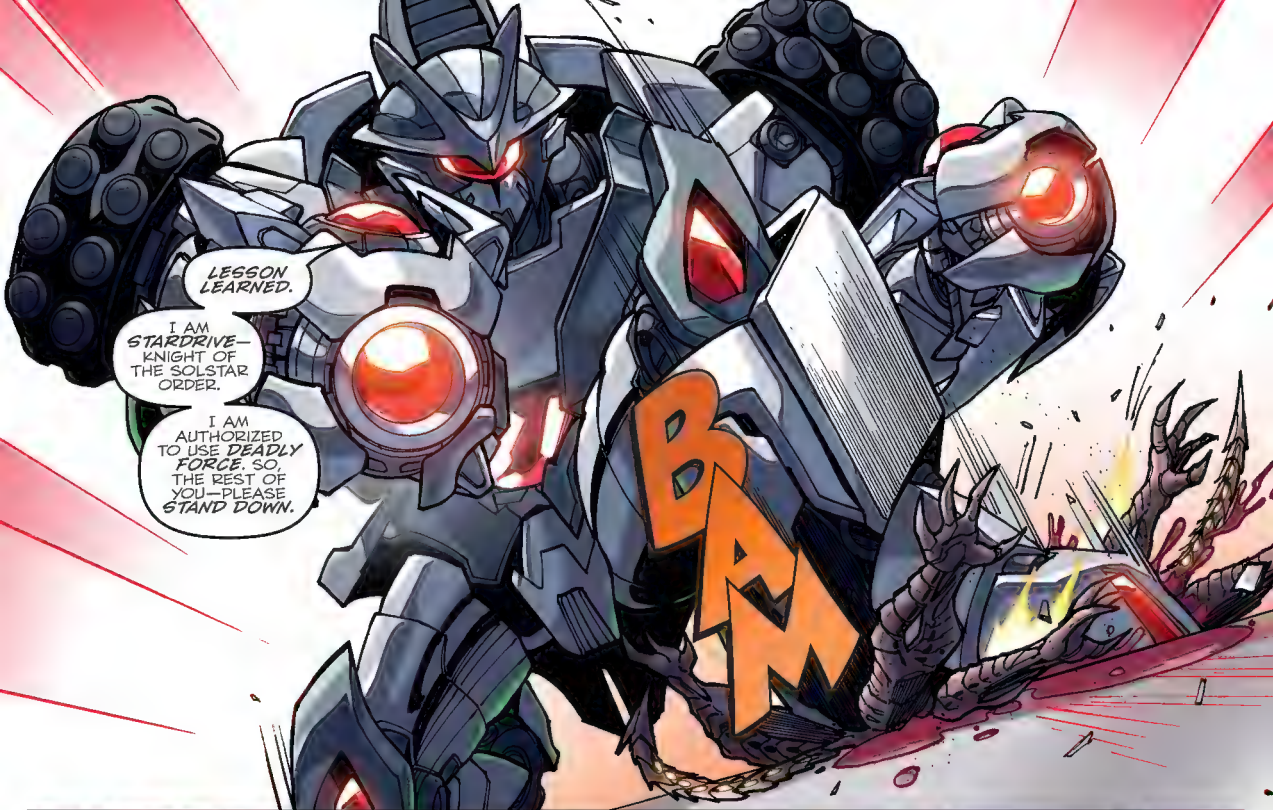
NOW WHAT HAVE
WE HERE?

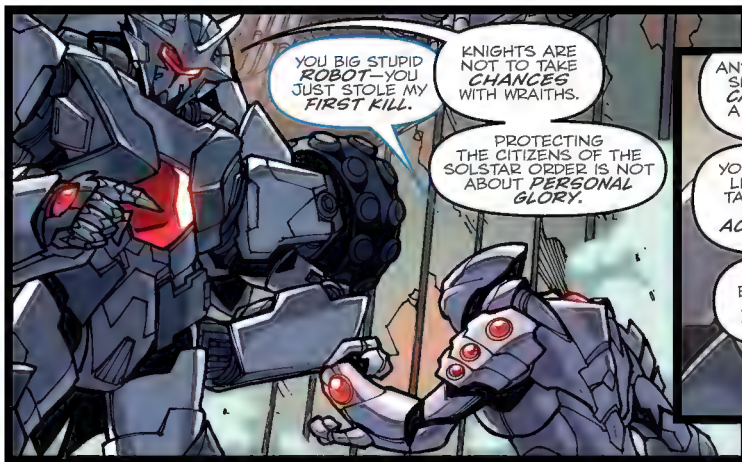
A BABY KNIGHT ON
HIS FIRST PATROL?
OR RATHER, HIS
FINAL PATROL.

THEY SHOULD
HAVE TAUGHT
YOU...



... NEVER UNDERESTIMATE
YOUR OPPONENT.

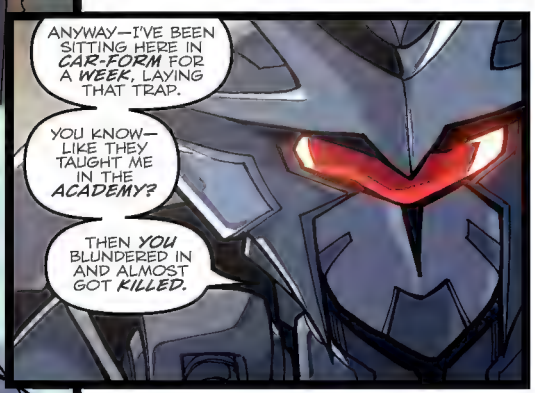




YOU BIG STUPID ROBOT—YOU JUST STOLE MY FIRST KILL.

KNIGHTS ARE NOT TO TAKE CHANCES WITH WRAITHS.

PROTECTING THE CITIZENS OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER IS NOT ABOUT PERSONAL GLORY.



ANYWAY—I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE IN CAR-FORM FOR A WEEK, LAYING THAT TRAP.

YOU KNOW—LIKE THEY TAUGHT ME IN THE ACADEMY?

THEN YOU BLUNDERED IN AND ALMOST GOT KILLED.

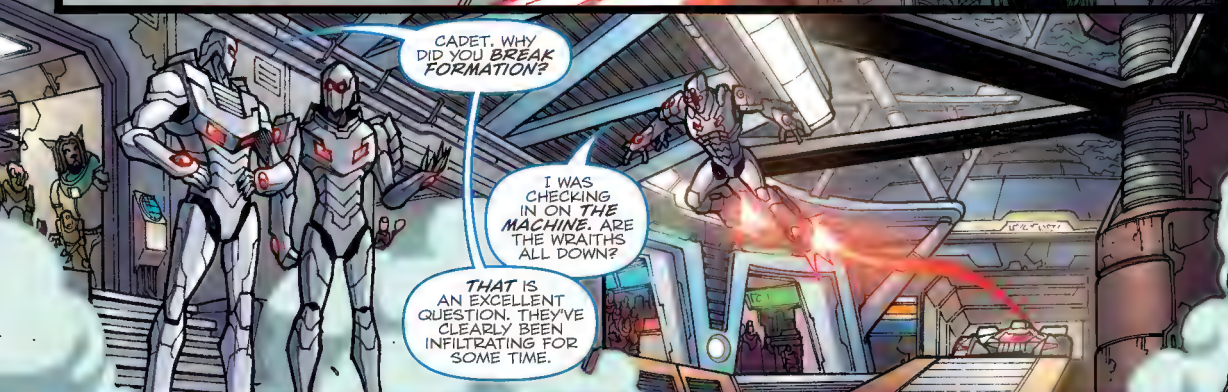


FORGET IT.

IT'S ALL RULES AND REGULATIONS WITH THE MACHINE. YOUR COMPUTER MIND WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE GLORY OF COMBAT.

THE GLORY OF THE— THE ONLY KILL YOU—

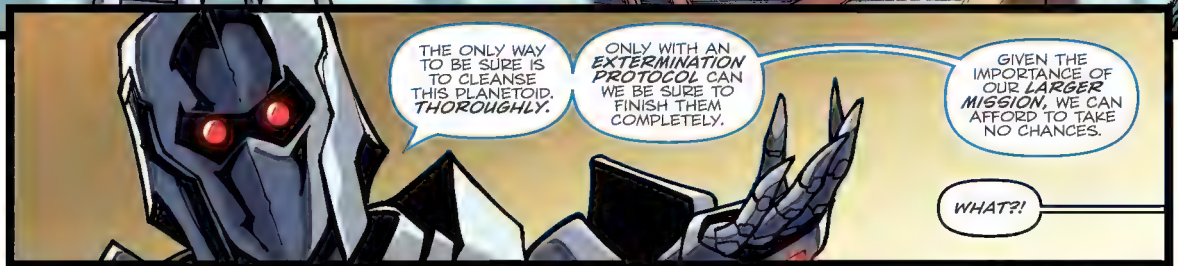
—OH, DAMNIT.



CADET, WHY DID YOU BREAK FORMATION?

I WAS CHECKING IN ON THE MACHINE. ARE THE WRAITHS ALL DOWN?

THAT IS AN EXCELLENT QUESTION. THEY'VE CLEARLY BEEN INFILTRATING FOR SOME TIME.

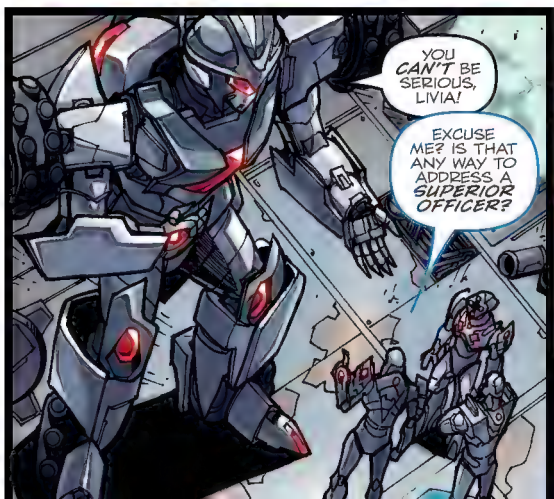


THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE IS TO CLEANSER THIS PLANETOID. THOROUGHLY.

ONLY WITH AN EXTERMINATION PROTOCOL CAN WE BE SURE TO FINISH THEM COMPLETELY.

GIVEN THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR LARGER MISSION, WE CAN AFFORD TO TAKE NO CHANCES.

WHAT?!



YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, LIVIA!

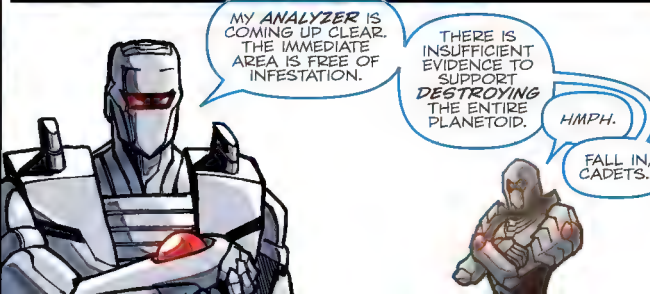
EXCUSE ME? IS THAT ANY WAY TO ADDRESS A SUPERIOR OFFICER?



I—APOLOGIZE, MA'AM. BUT... I'VE OBSERVED THE POPULATION HERE. THEY'RE FINE PEOPLE.

I'M ONLY ALIVE BECAUSE ROM GAVE ME A CHANCE.

I BECAME A KNIGHT TO GIVE EVERYBODY ONE.



MY ANALYZER IS COMING UP CLEAR. THE IMMEDIATE AREA IS FREE OF INFESTATION.

THERE IS INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT DESTROYING THE ENTIRE PLANETOID.

HMPH.

FALL IN, CADETS...

"...NOW THAT STARDRIVE HAS JOINED US, WE HAVE A MISSION TO COMPLETE."

I ADMIRE STARDRIVE'S COMPASSION AND IDEALS.

YOU WEREN'T SO HIGH-MINDED WHEN THE WRAITHS MURDERED YOUR FAMILY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED EVERYTHING.

HOW MANY WRAITHS DID YOU KILL?

AUXIN?

ME? WHEN WE WERE ENCASED IN THESE SUITS OF ARMOR, I VOWED TO USE MY ABILITIES TO DEFEAT THE WRAITHS.

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT, ANY OF IT.

IT'S YOU WHO'VE BECOME BLOODTHIRSTY, LIVIA.

AND YOU'VE BEEN ENCHANTED BY A MACHINE WOMAN AS SOFT AS YOU.

YOU CLING TO EMOTIONS WE SHOULD RISE ABOVE.

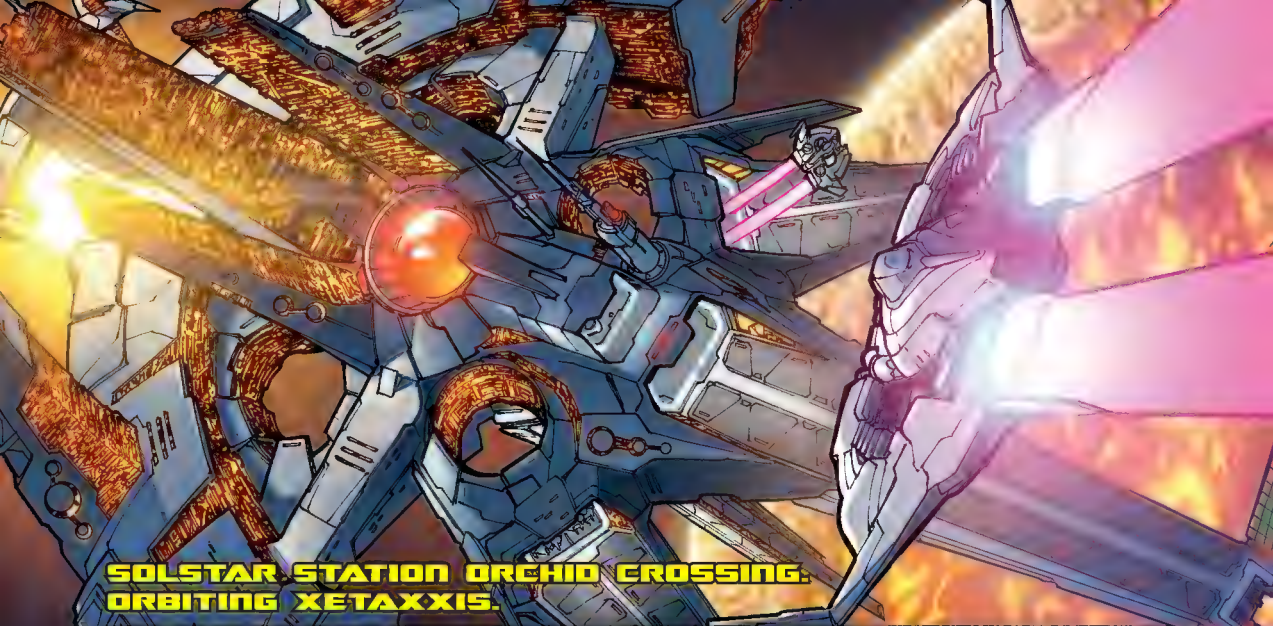
A HARD HEART DOES NOT ELEVATE US, IT LOWERS US. WE MUST NOT BECOME LIKE THE WRAITHS WE FIGHT.

NOR LET THEM CONQUER US!

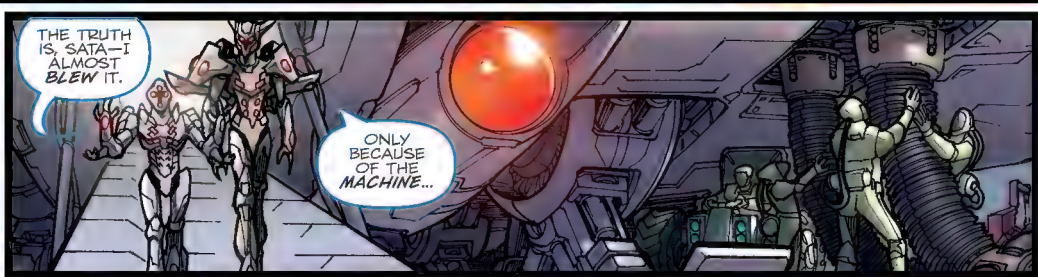
WELL, AT LEAST NOBODY HAD A GOOD TIME.

I DON'T KNOW IF THEY REALIZE I CAN HEAR THEM.

THEY'RE NOT NICE TO ME TO MY FACE, SO IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.



**SOLSTAR STATION ORCHID CROSSING.
ORBITING XETAXXIS.**



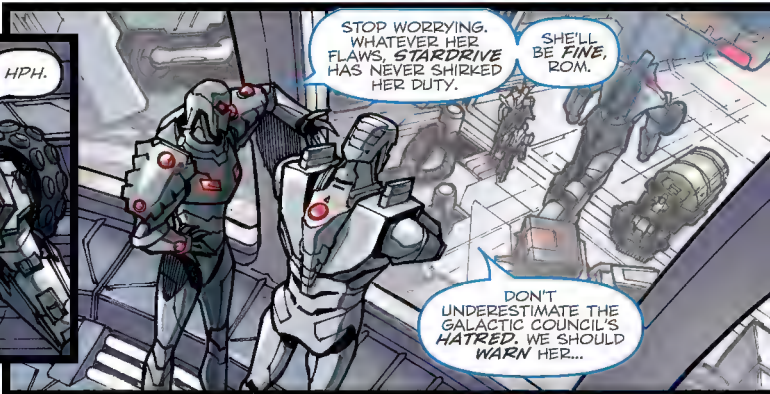
THE TRUTH
IS, SATA—I
ALMOST
BLEW IT.

ONLY
BECAUSE
OF THE
MACHINE...



...I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY WE'RE
STUCK IN THE
SAME STATION
AS IT.

HPH.



STOP WORRYING.
WHATEVER HER
FLAWS, STARDRIVE
HAS NEVER SHIRKED
HER DUTY.

SHE'LL
BE FINE.
ROM.

DON'T
UNDERESTIMATE THE
GALACTIC COUNCIL'S
HATRED. WE SHOULD
WARN HER...



SATA AND AUXIN
MISS THEIR FAMILIES,
BUT I DON'T HAVE
THAT PROBLEM.

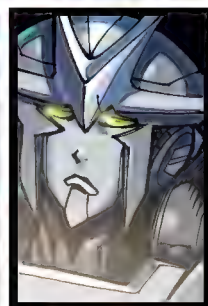
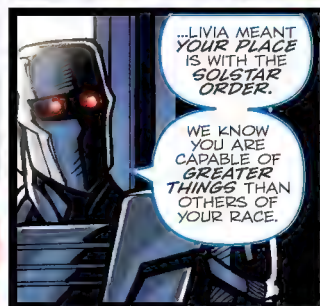
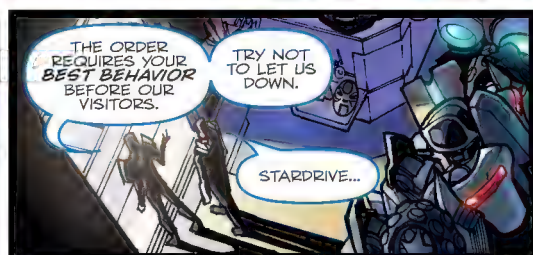
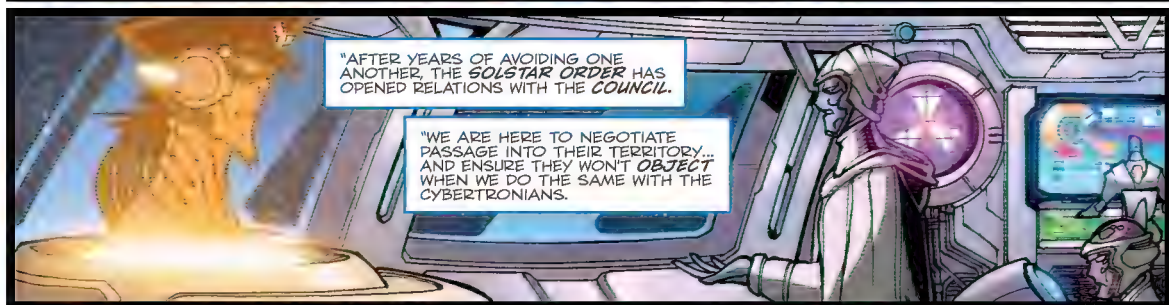
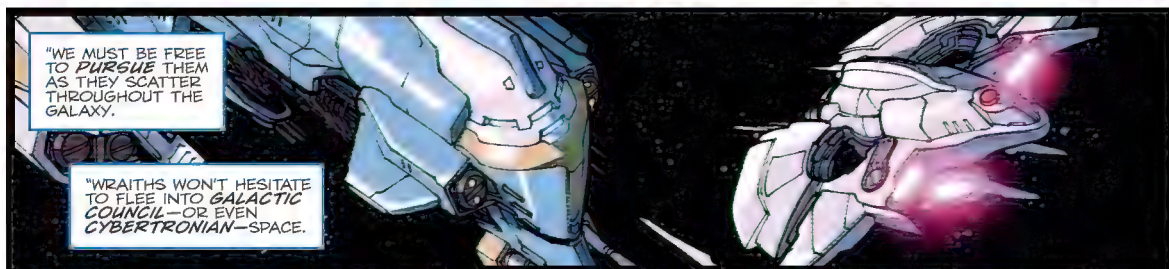
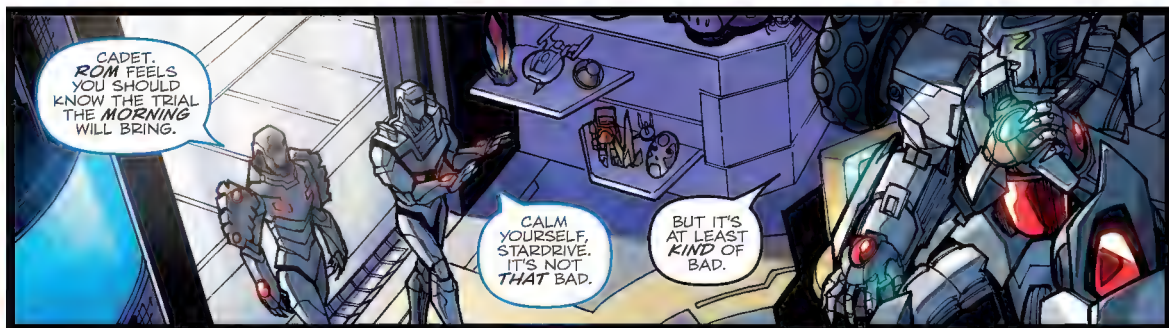
THE FUEL SYNTHESIZER
THEY BUILT WARMS ME UP.

MAKES THINGS
FEEL... OKAY.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

?

...COME IN.





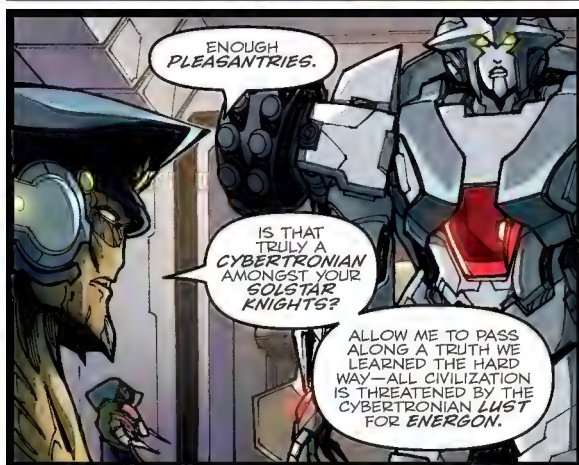
IN THE MORNING,
THE DIGNITARIES AND
NEGOTIATORS GATHERED
TO GREET THE COUNCIL
SHUTTLE...

...JOINED, AS
ALWAYS, BY A
PHALANX OF
KNIGHTS.



THE GALACTIC COUNCIL
APPRECIATES AND
ACKNOWLEDGES YOUR
REQUEST FOR AID.

IT IS *MUTUAL*
BENEFIT WE SEEK
BY WELCOMING
YOU TO ORCHID
CROSSING,
CAPTAIN.



ENOUGH
PLEASANTRIES.

IS THAT
TRULY A
CYBERTRONIAN
AMONGST YOUR
SOLSTAR
KNIGHTS?

ALLOW ME TO PASS
ALONG A TRUTH WE
LEARNED THE HARD
WAY—ALL CIVILIZATION
IS THREATENED BY THE
CYBERTRONIAN *LUST*
FOR *ENERGON*.

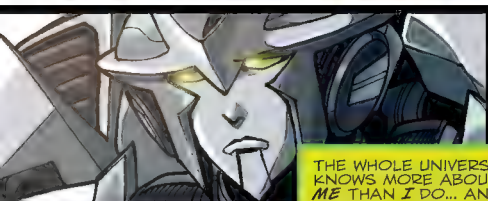


OUR KNIGHTS
CAN WITHSTAND
ANY THREAT.

STARDRIVE
WILL BE OUR
GREATEST TOOL
IN MANAGING
RELATIONS WITH
THE CYBER-
TRONIANS.

AND SHOULD
THAT PROVE
IMPOSSIBLE...WE
HAVE SHATTERED
ONE SPACEFARING
EMPIRE. ANOTHER
IS NOT OUT OF
THE QUESTION.

I DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW*
MY FUEL WAS CALLED
ENERGON.



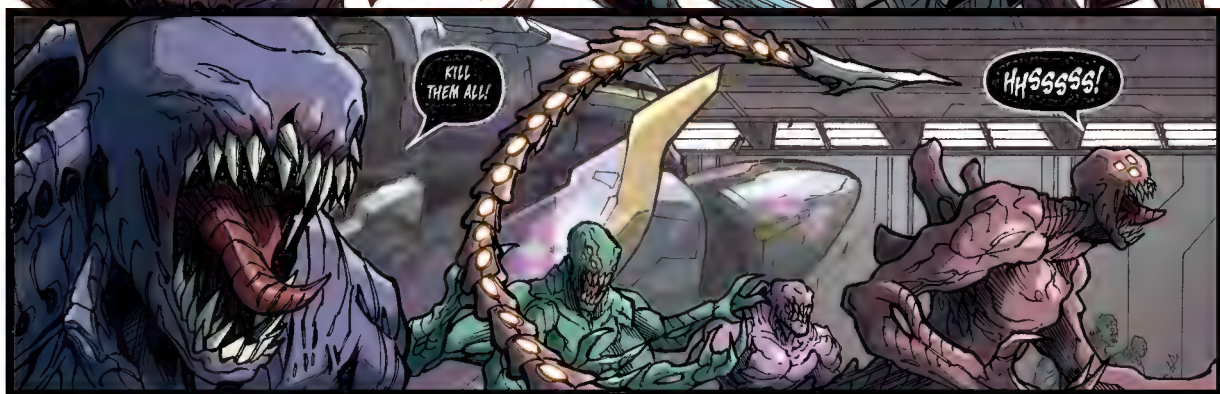
THE WHOLE UNIVERSE
KNOWS MORE ABOUT
ME THAN I DO... AND
THEY ALL *HATE* ME.



BE WARY,
LEST YOUR
ARROGANCE
PROVE YOUR
UNDOING.

THE CYBERTRONIANS
ARE A *FORMIDABLE*
THREAT...

...AND I BELIEVE IT
UNWISE TO DECLARE
VICTORY OVER THE *DIRE*
WRAITHS. BECAUSE—



I'D NEVER SEEN A KNIGHT FALL BEFORE.



BUT AUXIN
WOULDN'T BE
THE LAST.



WELL,
WELL,
WELL.

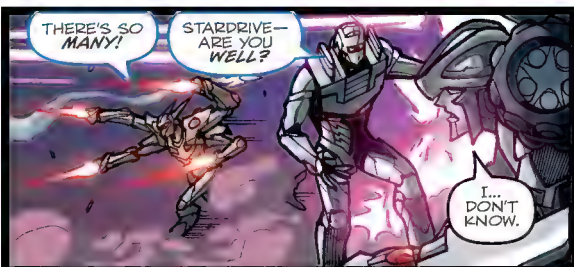
SO THIS
IS HOW THE
OTHER HALF
LIVES.

DECEPTICONS,
DIRE WRAITHS—



—SIC
'EM.

AH!EE!



THERE'S SO
MANY!

STARDRIVE—
ARE YOU
WELL?

I...
DON'T
KNOW.

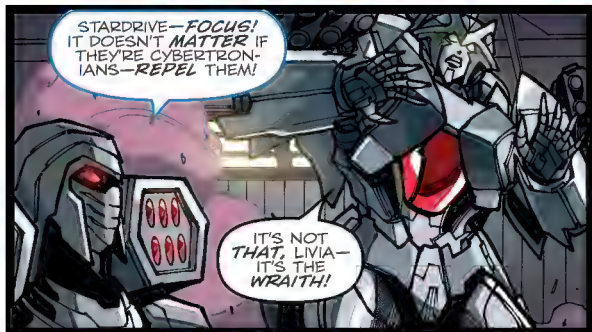


THERE, STARScream! THERE
IS THE CYBERTRONIAN,
AS PROMISED.

YOU KNOW WHAT,
VEKTRAL?

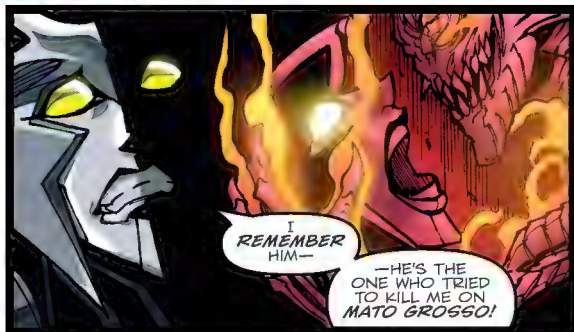


I COULD
ACTUALLY
TELL WHICH
ONE WASN'T
SIX FEET
TALL AND
MADE OF
FLESH.



STARDRIVE—FOCUS!
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF
THEY'RE CYBERTRON-
IANS—REPEL THEM!

IT'S NOT
THAT, LIVIA—
IT'S THE
WRAITH!



I
REMEMBER
HIM—

—HE'S THE
ONE WHO TRIED
TO KILL ME ON
MATO GROSSO!



SO?

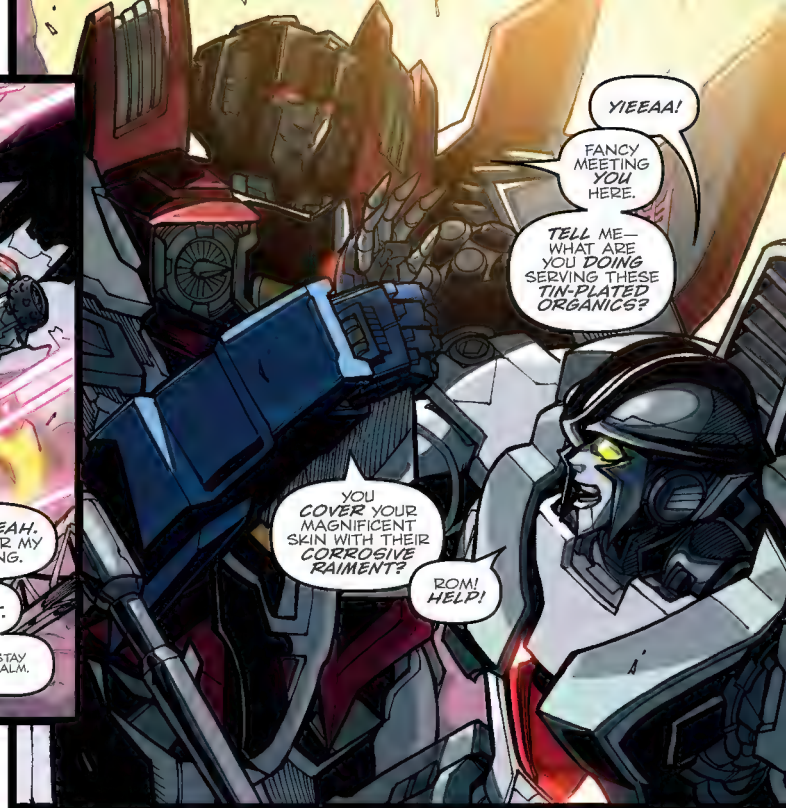
IT'S A
WRAITH.
KILL IT.



YEAH—YEAH.
REMEMBER MY
TRAINING.

FIND A
TARGET.

STAY
CALM.



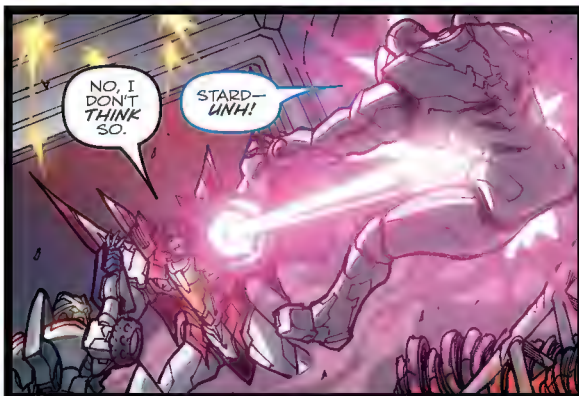
YIEEAA!

FANCY
MEETING
YOU
HERE.

TELL ME—
WHAT ARE
YOU *DOING*
SERVING THESE
TIN-PLATED
ORGANICS?

YOU
COVER YOUR
MAGNIFICENT
SKIN WITH THEIR
CORROSIVE
RAIMENT?

ROM!
HELP!



NO, I
DON'T
THINK
SO.

STARD—
UNH!



LET GO!

WHERE *DO*
YOU COME
FROM?

NOT
CYBERTRON—I'D
RECOGNIZE YOU.



ROM!

THAT
ONE... IS
POWERFUL
INDEED.

WE MAY BE
IN TROUBLE,
LIVIA.



WAIT A
MINUTE.

YOU'VE
NEVER SEEN
ANYONE LIKE
US, HAVE
YOU?

THEY'VE KEPT YOU
SHELTERED.



IT'S BECAUSE
THEY'RE JEALOUS.
THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
THE COUNCIL—THEY
ALL HATE MECHANICAL
LIFE BECAUSE THEY
CAN'T BE US.

ORGANICS
LIVE BUT A
FLEETING
MOMENT.
THEN FADE
AWAY.

BUT WE HAVE
ETERNITY.



GRHHH—!

YOUR KIND
CAN DIE,
ROBOT.

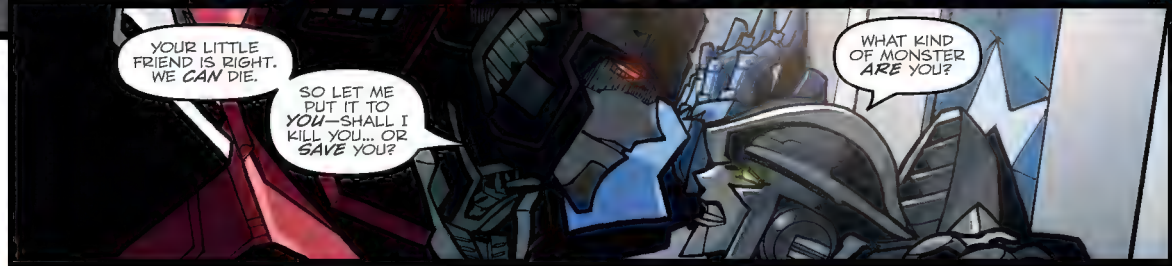
IT JUST
TAKES
EFFORT.



THAT ONE
KILLED URSA
MAJOR!

AND THIS
ONE'S TRYIN'
TO KILL ME!
GET IT OFF,
THRUST!

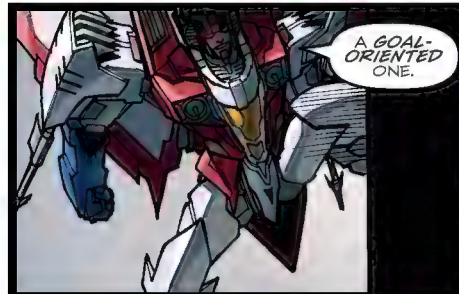
HOLD
STILL.



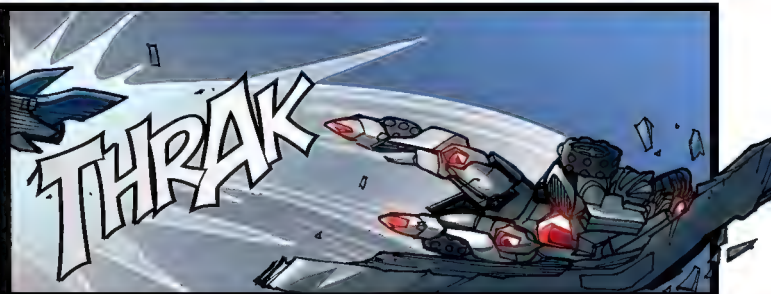
YOUR LITTLE
FRIEND IS RIGHT.
WE CAN DIE.

SO LET ME
PUT IT TO
YOU—SHALL I
KILL YOU... OR
SAVE YOU?

WHAT KIND
OF MONSTER
ARE YOU?

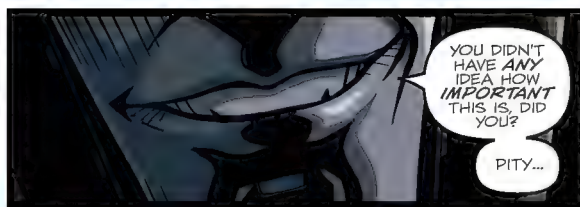


A GOAL-
ORIENTED
ONE.



HERE WE
ARE. I KNEW
THEY HAD TO
HAVE ONE TO
KEEP YOU
ALIVE.

A REAL-AS-
LIFE **ENERGON**
SYNTHESIZER.



YOU DIDN'T
HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW
IMPORTANT
THIS IS, DID
YOU?

PITY...



...YOU COULD
HAVE BEEN
RICH.

YOU'RE
EVIL.



OH, I'M
MUCH, MUCH
W—



THIS IS
OVER!

ULTRA MAGNUS
AND BUMBLEBEE—
WE WERE JUST
GETTING THE PARTY
STARTED.

CARE TO
JOIN ME IN
KILLING SOME
ORGANICS?

SORRY,
STARSCREAM.

THE ONLY
ONE DYING
HERE IS YOU.

WAIT! THIS
WAS TO BE A
MISSION OF
PEACE!

BUT EVEN I COULD
SEE ROM'S PROTEST
WAS *USELESS*.

NO MATTER *WHAT* I
HOPED... NO MATTER
WHAT I *BELIEVED*...

...MY *FIRST ENCOUNTER*
WITH OTHER CYBERTRONIANS
PROVED ONE THING:

EVERYBODY WAS
RIGHT ABOUT ME.





**HUNI SYSTEM.
WEEKS EARLIER.**

YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, YOU KNOW WHAT WE DO.

WHAT WOULD POSSIBLY MAKE YOU THINK WE CARE ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS?

I DO NOT, NOR DO WE CARE ABOUT YOURS, BUT FROM WHAT I CAN SEE...

...WE HAVE COMMON INTERESTS.

IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT YOU DECEPTICONS STARTED YOUR WAR TO FIGHT OPPRESSION.

THE SOLSTAR ORDER MOST CERTAINLY OPPRESSES US.

ORGANICS OPPRESSING ORGANICS?

I HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO. RAMJET, DIRGE—KILL TH—

I HADN'T FINISHED.

LIKE YOU, WE CAN CHANGE.

TOGETHER, WE COULD BE VALUABLE ALLIES—

—A DIRE WRAITH/DECEPTICON ALLIANCE!

NOW YOU'RE SPIKY ORGANICS.

GOT ANYTHING ELSE?



INDEED I DO.

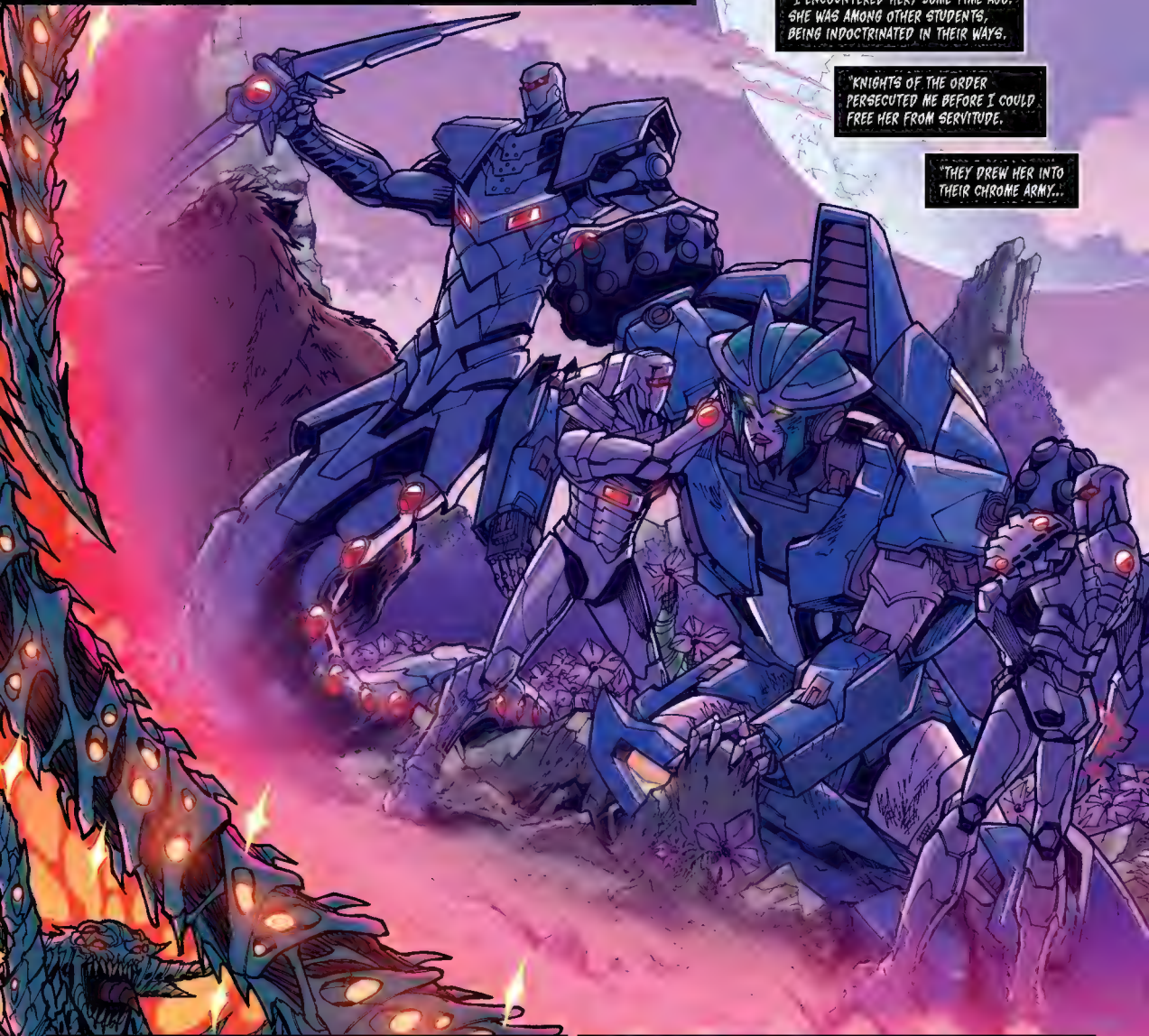
GAZE INTO MY
MAGICKS, MECHANICAL
CREATURE... AND BEAR
WITNESS.

"TO WHAT I EXPECT YOU DID NOT
KNOW... THAT ONE OF YOUR OWN
SERVES THE SOLSTAR ORDER."

"I ENCOUNTERED HER, SOME TIME AGO.
SHE WAS AMONG OTHER STUDENTS,
BEING INDOCTRINATED IN THEIR WAYS."

"KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER
PERSECUTED ME BEFORE I COULD
FREE HER FROM SERVITUDE."

"THEY DREW HER INTO
THEIR CHROME ARMY..."

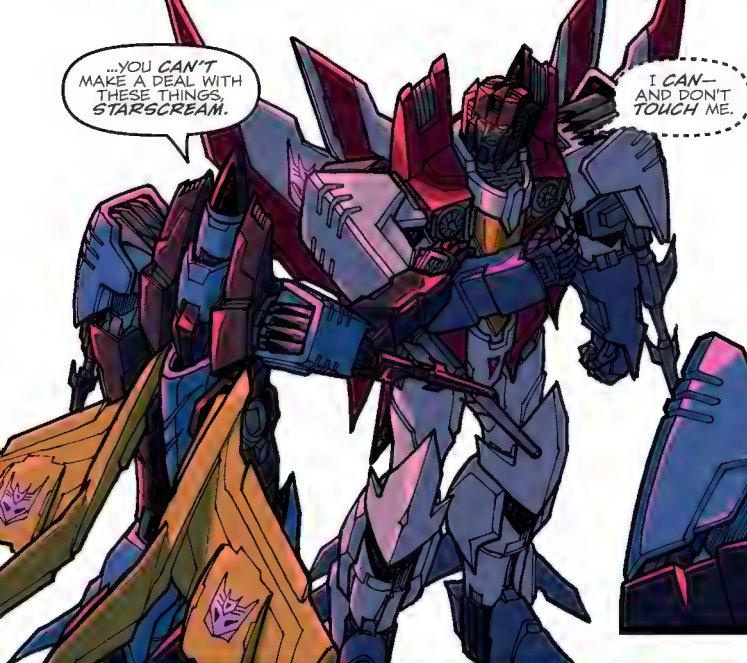


"...THEY MADE YOUR
CYBERTRONIAN A
SOLSTAR KNIGHT."

WELL,
NOW.

MAYBE THAT
IS SOMETHING.

ONE
MINUTE,
BOSS...



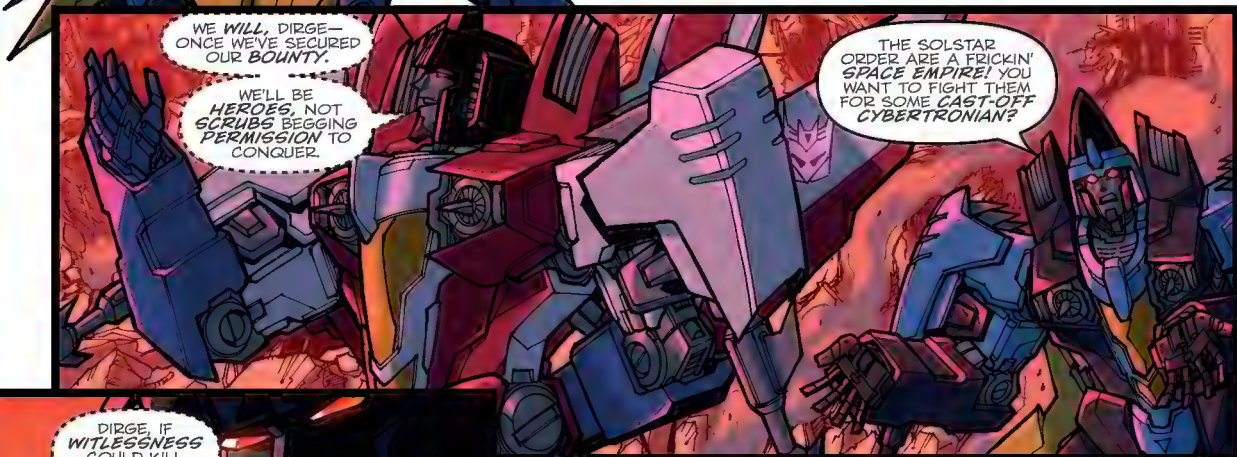
...YOU CAN'T
MAKE A DEAL WITH
THESE THING
STARScream.

I CAN—
AND DON'T
TOUCH ME.



OUR ORDERS
WERE TO LOOK FOR
ENERGON—NOT SIGN
TREATIES WITH WEIRD
LITTLE ORCS.

WE HAVE
TO TALK TO
MEGATRON.



WE WILL, DIRGE—
ONCE WE'VE SECURED
OUR BOUNTY.

WE'LL BE
HEROES, NOT
SCRUBS BEGGING
PERMISSION TO
CONQUER.

THE SOLSTAR
ORDER ARE A FRICKIN'
SPACE EMPIRE! YOU
WANT TO FIGHT THEM
FOR SOME CAST-OFF
CYBERTRONIAN?



DIRGE, IF
WITLESSNESS
COULD KILL
AUTOBOTS...



...YOU WOULD
HAVE ENDED THE
WAR A MILLION
YEARS AGO.

CRUSHING AN
ORGANIC EMPIRE,
HOWEVER BIG,
WOULD BE AN EASY
MATTER. BUT I DON'T
CARE ABOUT THE
CYBERTRONIAN—

—I CARE
ABOUT WHAT'S
KEEPING HER
ALIVE.

WE GET OUR
HANDS ON THAT,
AND SAY GOODBYE
TO INVADING BACK-
WATER WORLDS
LIKE THIS.

THEY MUST HAVE
SOME INDEPENDENT
SOURCE OF ENERGON,
OR—BETTER YET—
A MEANS OF
GENERATING IT.



OKAY, WRAITH.
LET'S SAY I'M
INTRIGUED.

WHAT DO YOU
WANT FROM US?
AND WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, ANYWAY?

CALL ME VEKTRAL.
AND FOREMOST...

...WE WILL REQUIRE
A WAY IN. HEarken TO
MY PLAN...

ZUGZWANG CLUSTER.

WE WERE ON MONTH TWO OF DEEP SPACE PATROL—DON'T ASK WHAT I DID TO WIND UP HERE—WHEN WE FINALLY RAN INTO SOME *DECEPTICONS*.

THEY WERE MESSING WITH WHAT LOOKED LIKE A DOWNED *GALACTIC COUNCIL STARSHIP*, WHICH COULDN'T BE GOOD.

ULTRA MAGNUS REACTED WITH A LEVEL HEAD, AS ALWAYS.

ANNIHILATE THEM!

I'M ANNIHILATING AS FAST AS I CAN, SIR.

NICE SHOT, SKY BLAST.

I GUESS YOU REALLY EARNED THAT NAME, HUH?

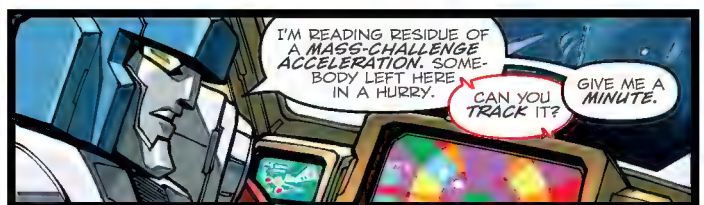
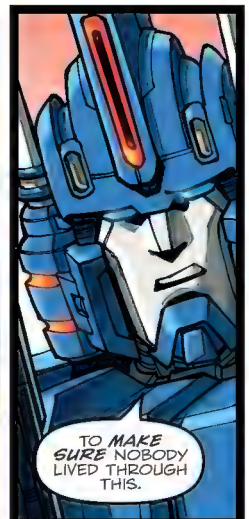
I TRY TO KEEP THINGS LIGHT. SKY BLAST DOESN'T REALLY GET ALONG WITH ULTRA MAGNUS.

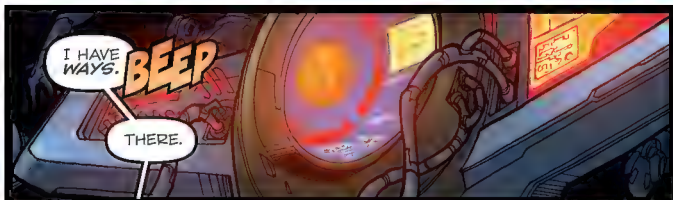
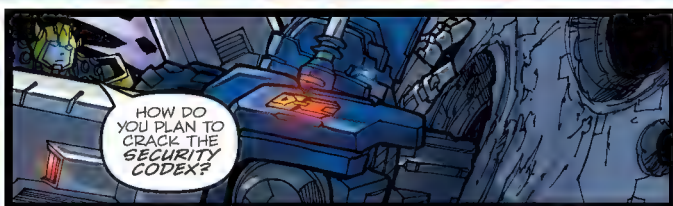
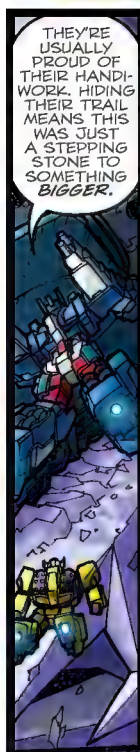
LUCKILY, I GET ALONG WITH EVERYBODY.

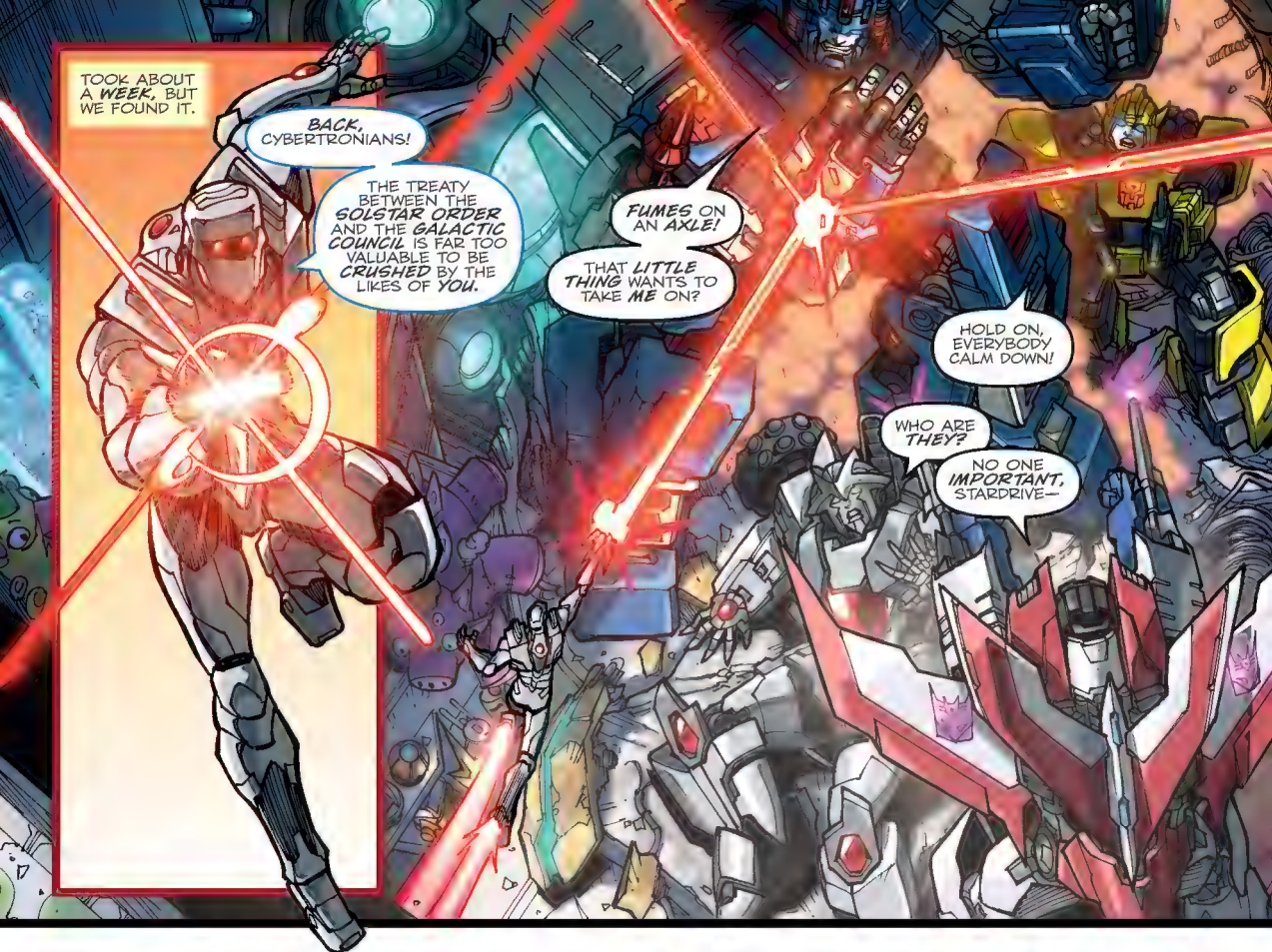
DON'T YOU THINK THAT WAS A PRETTY GREAT SHOT, MAGNUS?

SCAN FOR SURVIVORS.

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SIR. NO READINGS.







TOOK ABOUT
A WEEK, BUT
WE FOUND IT.

BACK,
CYBERTRONIANS!

THE TREATY
BETWEEN THE
SOLSTAR ORDER
AND THE GALACTIC
COUNCIL IS FAR TOO
VALUABLE TO BE
CRUSHED BY THE
LIKES OF YOU.

FUMES ON
AN AXLE!

THAT LITTLE
THING WANTS TO
TAKE ME ON?

HOLD ON,
EVERYBODY
CALM DOWN!

WHO ARE
THEY?

NO ONE
IMPORTANT,
STARDRIVE—



—I'M THE ONE
WHO WANTS YOU
TO RECLAIM YOUR
HERITAGE.

HELP ME GET
YOUR ENERGEN
SYNTHESIZER
OUT OF HERE AND
THEN I'LL GIVE YOU
THE WHO'S WHO
OF COSMIC
RIFFRAFF.



LEAVE
HER ALONE,
CYBERTRON-
IAN!

SKY BLAST
TRACKED THE
DECEPTICON
SHIP TO INSIDE
THIS STATION.

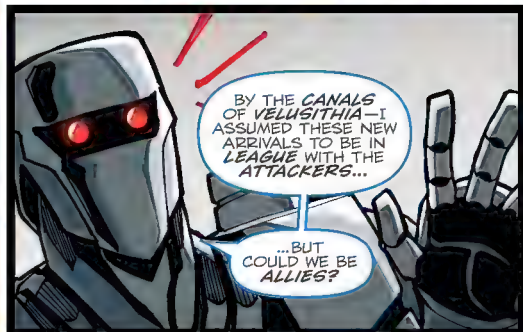
AND WE UNCOVERED
THE KIND OF INTER-
STELLAR CONSPIRACY
MAGNUS LIVES FOR...



...I THINK.

THAT OVER-
CHROMED
GEARBOX
SHOT ME.

MAGNUS,
I THINK
THEY'RE
FIGHTING THE
DECEPTICONS
TOO!



BY THE CANALS
OF VELUSITHIA—I
ASSUMED THESE NEW
ARRIVALS TO BE IN
LEAGUE WITH THE
ATTACKERS...

...BUT
COULD WE BE
ALLIES?



ALL OF
YOU TALK
TOO MUCH.

POOM



WE REALLY
SHOULD HAVE
FIGURED OUT
WHO'S ON
WHOSE SIDE.



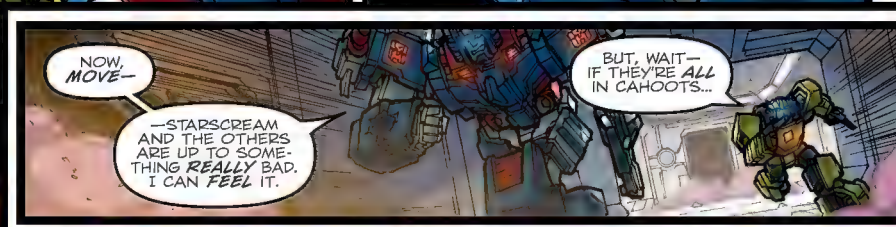
A DEAD COUNCIL
STARSHIP, AND NOW
KNIGHTS OF THE
SOLSTAR ORDER
STANDING WITH
DECEPTICONS—

—EVEN
ENGAGING
ONE IN THEIR
ARMOR?

IF YOU HAVE ANY
QUESTIONS LEFT,
BUMBLEBEE...



...WE CAN
ANALYZE THEIR
BODIES WHEN
WE'RE DONE.



NOW,
MOVE—

—STARSCREAM
AND THE OTHERS
ARE UP TO SOME-
THING REALLY BAD.
I CAN FEEL IT.

BUT, WAIT—
IF THEY'RE ALL
IN CAHOOTS...



WHAT IS
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

UH, GUYS?
SKY BLAST
HERE.

READINGS
SHOW THE ONLY
THING HOLDING
THAT SPACE STATION
TOGETHER IS ITS
FORCE FIELD.

ARE
THINGS
OKAY IN
THERE?



EVERYTHING'S GOING GREAT, SKY BLAST.

I GUESS I SEE WHY MAGNUS AND I GET PARTNERED UP.

IN FACT—THERE ARE SO MANY TARGETS—



—YOU CAN'T HELP BUT HIT SOMETHING!

HE'S 100% PURE CONFIDENCE AND I CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING AT FACE VALUE.



UH—HEY, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY DECEPTICON I'VE SEEN.



DON'T TAUNT ME, CYBERTRONIAN!

FWASZT



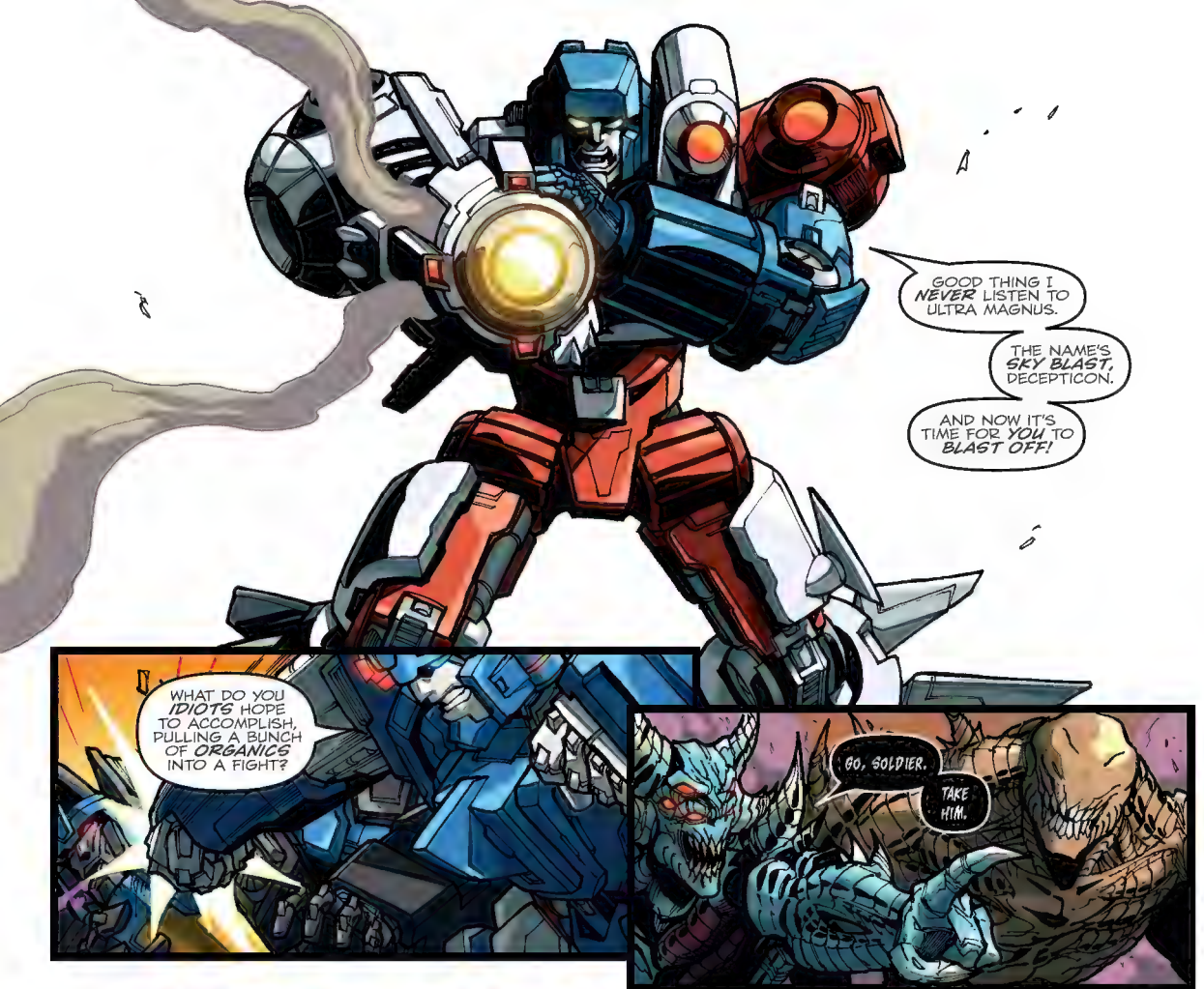
I WAS...
...JUST TRYING TO...



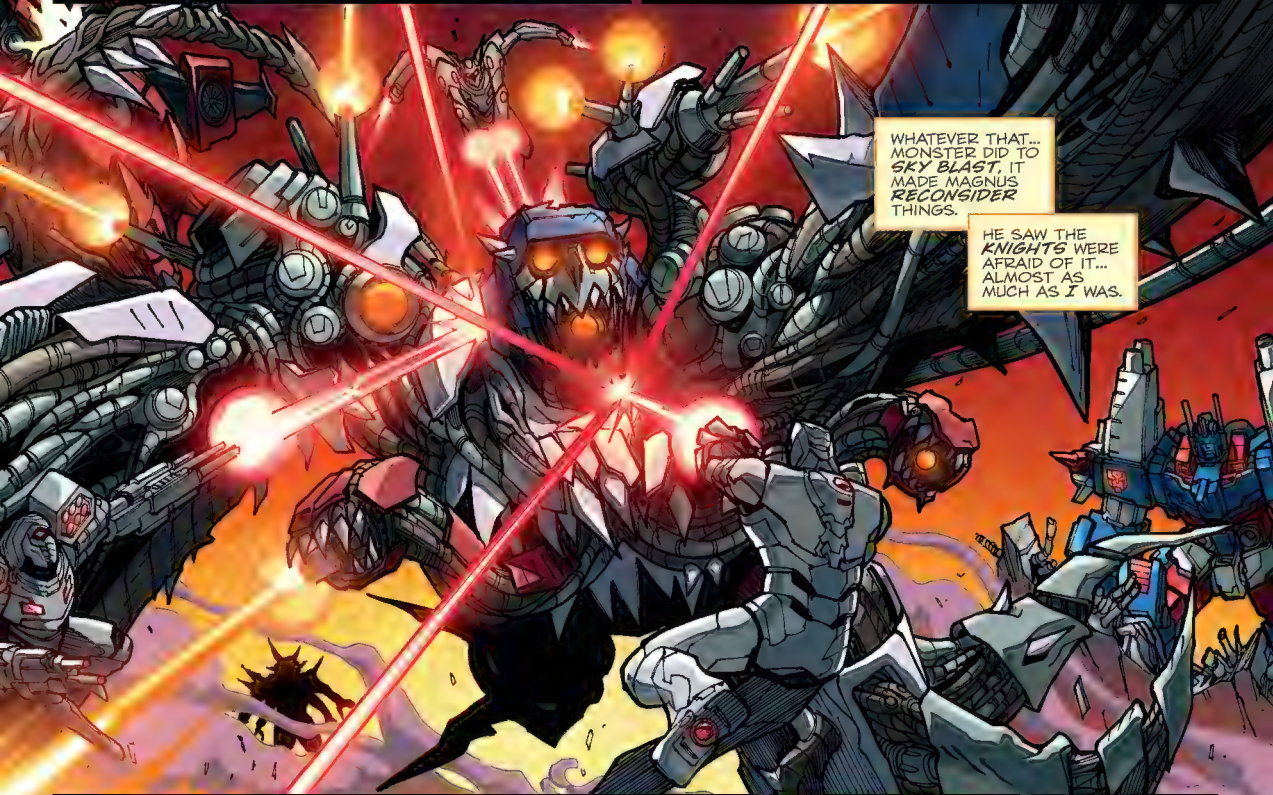
DISTRACT ME FOR YOUR FRIEND'S AMBUSH?

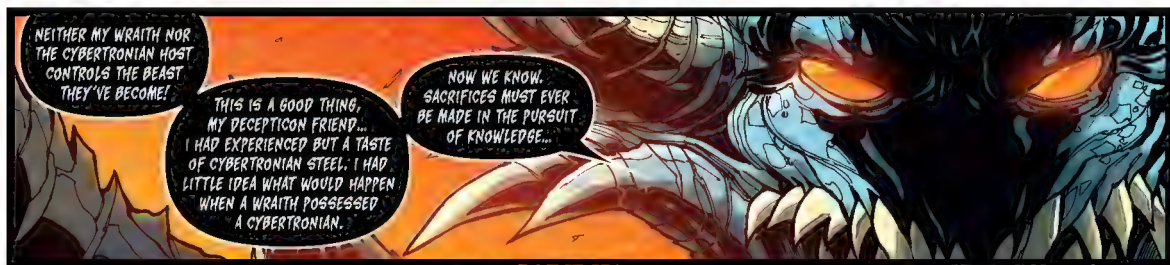
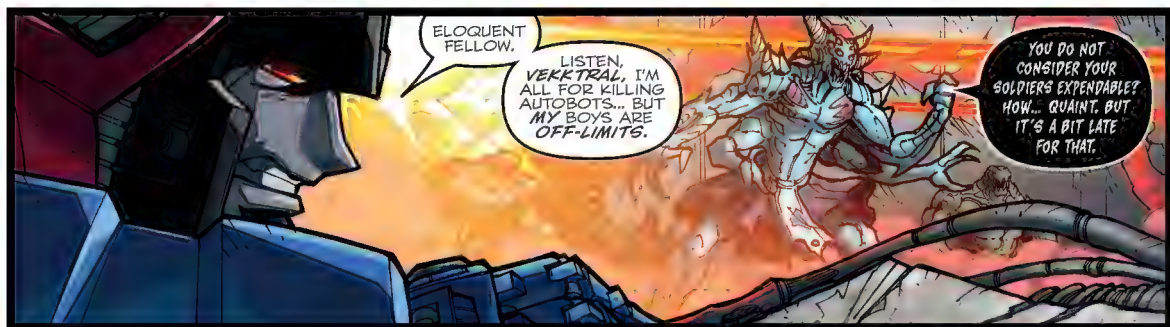
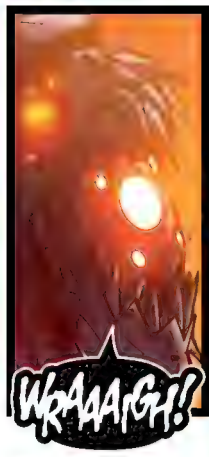
YOU FAILED.

ZAT











BUMBLEBEE—
FIGURE OUT HOW
WE CAN GET BACK
TO THE SHUTTLE
BEFORE...

...BUMBLEBEE...?



HEY, LADY—

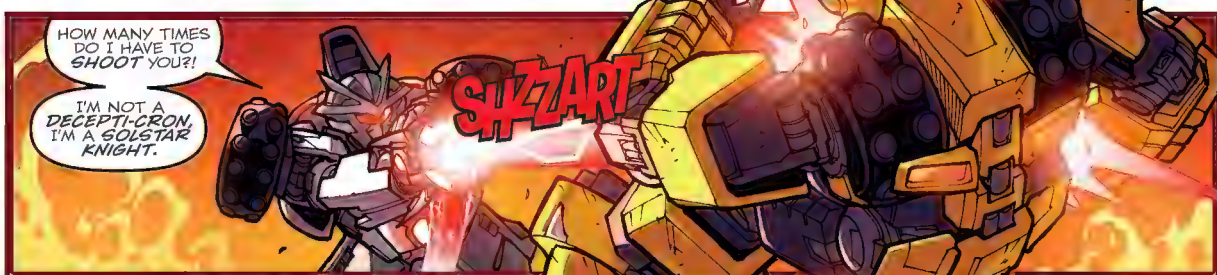
—I WASN'T
DONE TALKING
TO YOU!



DON'T
GRAB ME.

THEN TELL ME
WHO YOU ARE,
DECEPTICON.

AND WHY YOU'RE
DRESSED LIKE
ONE OF THE
ORGANICS!



HOW MANY TIMES
DO I HAVE TO
SHOOT YOU?!

I'M NOT A
DECEPTI-CRON,
I'M A SOLSTAR
KNIGHT.



AND I'M
NOTHING LIKE
THE REST OF YOU
CYBERTRONIANS,
MURDERING
INNOCENTS AND
WORKING WITH
WRAITHS.



WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

THE DECEPTICONS
ARE IN LEAGUE WITH
THOSE CREATURES.

NOT
US...



I DON'T
THINK SHE
CARES ABOUT
DISTINCTIONS,
BEE—

—AND I
DEFINITELY
DON'T.

GET UP—
WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF HERE.



I'VE JUST
DEACTIVATED
THE STATION'S
FORCE
FIELD.

IT'LL BREAK UP
IN SECONDS—
DESTROYING
THAT MONSTER
AND ANYBODY
AROUND IT...



"...SO I'D **PREFER** TO BE ON OUR **SHUTTLE** WHEN THAT HAPPENS."

WHAT'S GOING ON, STARScream?!

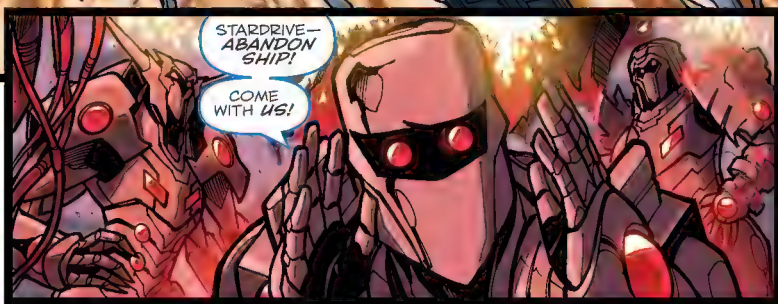
I'M FALLING **SIDWAYS!**

OH, ASTROTRAIN— YOU **NEVER** KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP.

MAGNUS— I DON'T THINK SHE'S ONE OF **THEM!**

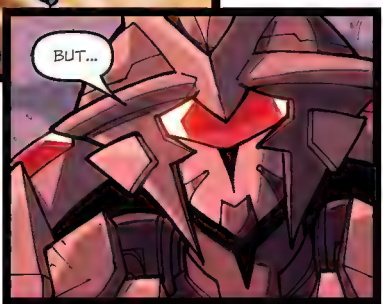
I **STILL** DON'T CARE, BEE!

THE STATION—
—THE **CREW!**

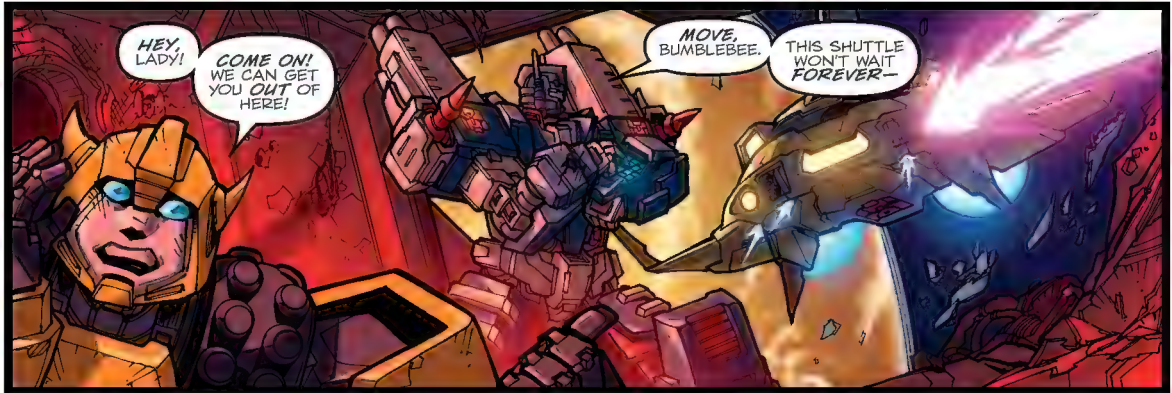


STARDRIVE— **ABANDON SHIP!**

COME WITH US!



BUT...

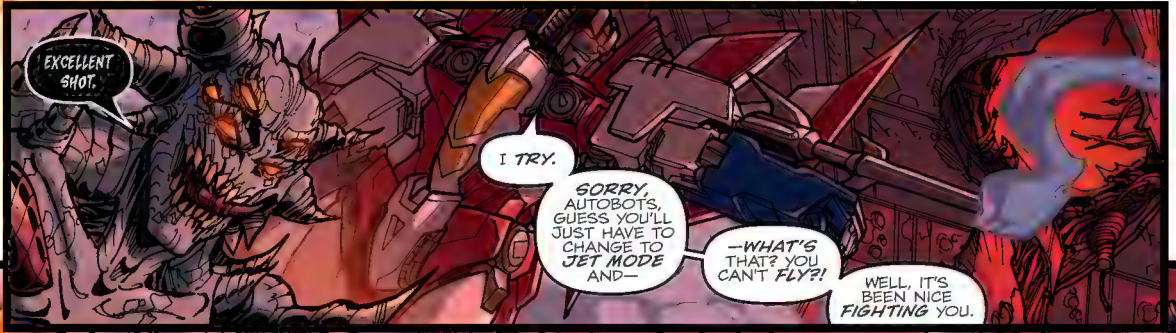


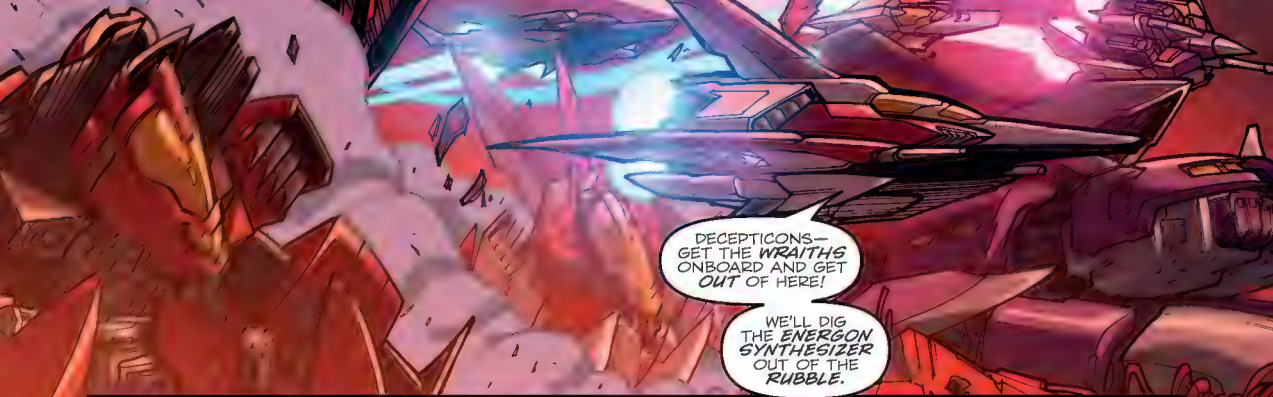
HEY, LADY!

COME ON! WE CAN GET YOU **OUT** OF HERE!

MOVE, BUMBLEBEE.

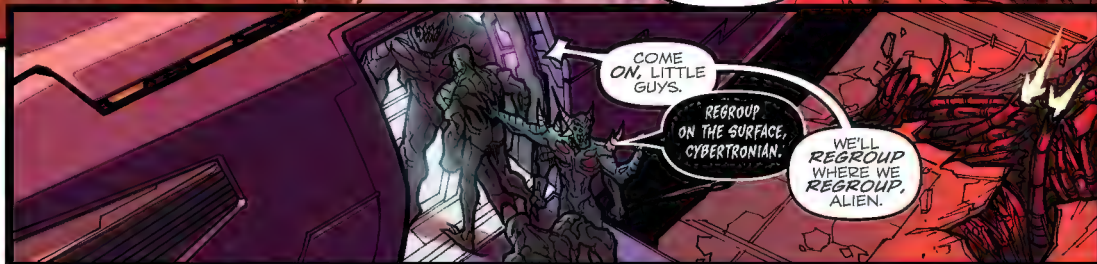
THIS SHUTTLE WON'T WAIT **FOREVER—**





DECEPTICONS—
GET THE WRAITHS
ONBOARD AND GET
OUT OF HERE!

WE'LL DIG
THE EVERGON
SYNTHESIZER
OUT OF THE
RUBBLE.



COME
ON, LITTLE
GUYS.

REGROUP
ON THE SURFACE,
CYBERTRONIAN.

WE'LL
REGROUP
WHERE WE
REGROUP,
ALIEN.

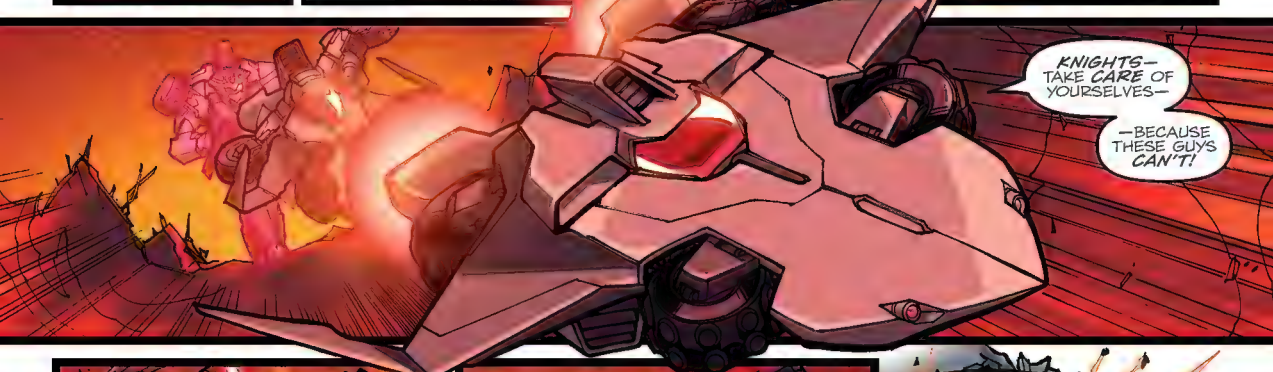


HURAGGH!



FALL, DAMN
YOU... HOW
DO YOU STILL
STAND...?

EVERYONE
FLEE, I'LL—
UNGG!



KNIGHTS—
TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELVES—

—BECAUSE
THESE GUYS
CAN'T!



YOUR SILVER
FRIEND IS
EITHER GOING
TO KILL US—



OR
SAVE
US!

THANKS,
LADY!



JUST HOLD ON
AND DON'T—

SKRAKK

-AHH!

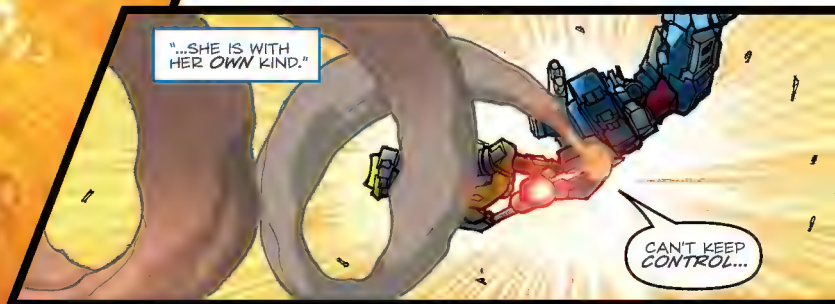
THOOM



LIVIA—
SATA—

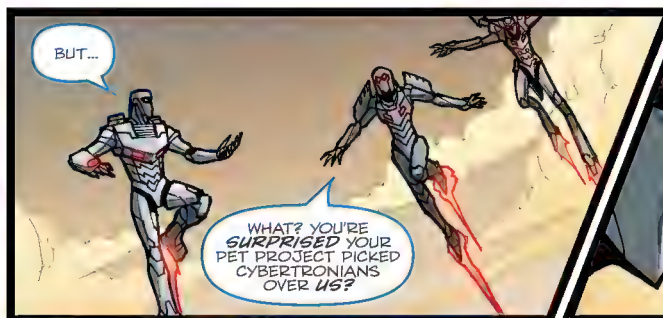
—DID—

THE
MACHINE
SURVIVED,
ROM...



"...SHE IS WITH
HER OWN KIND."

CAN'T KEEP
CONTROL...



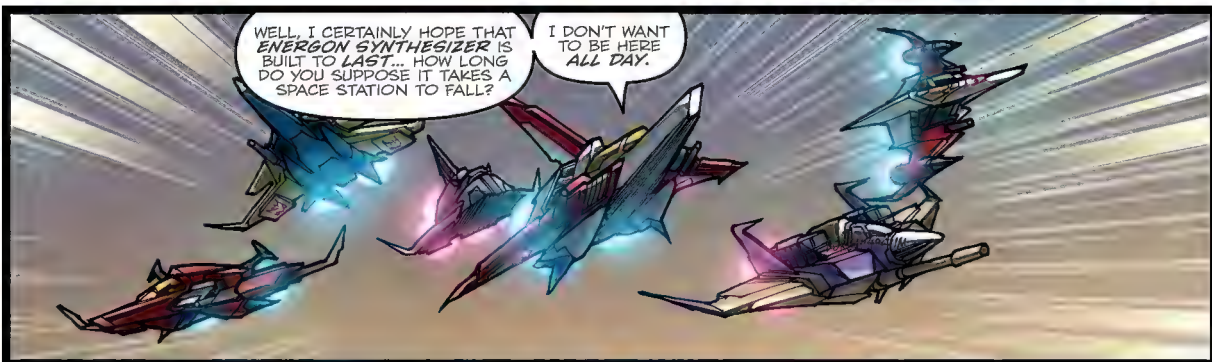
BUT...

WHAT? YOU'RE
SURPRISED YOUR
PET PROJECT PICKED
CYBERTRONIANS
OVER US?



WE MUST
NOT JUMP TO
CONCLUSIONS,
LIVIA.

UNBELIEVABLE.
AFTER EVERY-
THING, YOU'RE
STILL STANDING
UP FOR HER?



WELL, I CERTAINLY HOPE THAT
ENERGON SYNTHESIZER IS
BUILT TO LAST... HOW LONG
DO YOU SUPPOSE IT TAKES A
SPACE STATION TO FALL?

I DON'T WANT
TO BE HERE
ALL DAY.



WE HAVE SOMETHING
ELSE TO DEAL WITH
FIRST, STARScream...



...IT SEEMS OUR
WRAITH/CYBERTRONIAN
HYBRID IS AS RESILIENT
AS HE IS MAD.

THE LANDING WAS A LITTLE *ROUGH*, IF I'M GOING TO BE *HONEST*.

BUT I LIKE TO STAY *POSITIVE*.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU—

BY PROVIDING *SERVICES* TO AN ORGANIC RACE, YOU'RE IN VIOLATION OF ARTICLE THREE OF THE TYREST ACCORD.

THE... WHAT?

YOU'VE PROVIDED MATERIAL CYBERTRONIAN TECHNOLOGY—*YOURSELF*—TO AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION.

OF COURSE.

THEY ALL HATE ME AND TELL ME I DON'T BELONG.

IT STANDS TO REASON WHEN I MEET *OTHER CYBERTRONIANS*, THEY'D SAY THE SAME THING.

DO WHAT YOU WANT.

BUT FIRST, HELP ME LOOK FOR *SURVIVORS*.

KNIGHTS OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER DON'T LEAVE THEIR FELLOWS BEHIND.

SHE SAVED US, MAGNUS.

WE'RE *STUCK* ON THIS ROCK UNTIL HELP ARRIVES—AND PRIMUS KNOWS WHEN *THAT*'LL BE.

WE LOST *OUR* FRIEND. WE MIGHT AS WELL HELP HER FIND *HERS*.

THEY'RE NOT REALLY *FRIENDS*. EXACTLY.

BOTH OF YOU ARE BEING *SOFT-HEADED POPPET VALVES*.

THEY'RE *ORGANICS*! THEY BARELY COUNT AS LIFE, ANYWAY.

AND THEY'RE FAR, FAR TOO *FRAIL* TO HAVE SURVIVED.

I'VE NEVER BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING *FRAIL* BEFORE...

HNG!

ZRAPP



...BUT THIS
HAS BEEN
A DAY OF
FIRSTS.

SURRENDER,
YELLOW
CYBERTRONIAN-
OR JOIN YOUR
ALLY.

MAGNUS?

HE'S ALWAYS
DOING THIS.

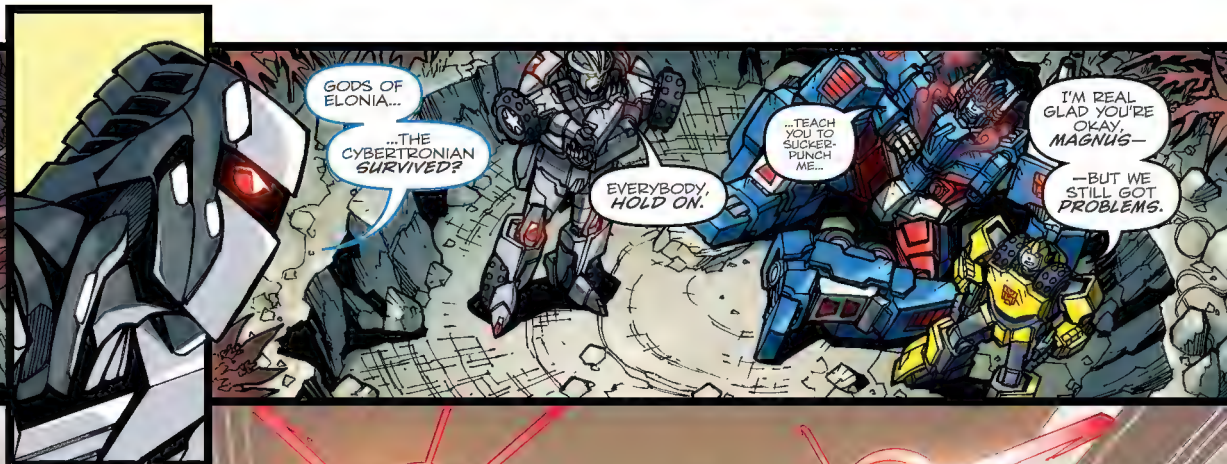
GETTING SOME *STUPID*
IDEA IN HIS HEAD, AND
RUSHING IN REGARDLESS
OF CONSEQUENCE.

BUT, COME ON,
MAGNUS...

...DON'T LEAVE
ME ALONE.







GODS OF
ELONIA...

...THE
CYBERTRONIAN
SURVIVED?

EVERYBODY,
HOLD ON.

...TEACH
YOU TO
SUCKER
PUNCH
ME...

I'M REAL
GLAD YOU'RE
OKAY,
MAGNUS—

—BUT WE
STILL GOT
PROBLEMS.

IT HAS BEEN LESS THAN
AN *HOUR* SINCE THE
CYBERTRONIANS ARRIVED.

HUNDREDS—IF NOT
THOUSANDS—HAVE
PERISHED IN THE
DESTRUCTION OF THE
SOLSTAR STATION
ORCHID CROSSING.

THE TRANSFORMERS
KILLED A *CADET* UNDER
MY PROTECTION.

DESTROY
THEM!

NOW THEY HAVE INVADDED A
POPULATED WORLD, AND
CAPTURED ANOTHER *KNIGHT*.

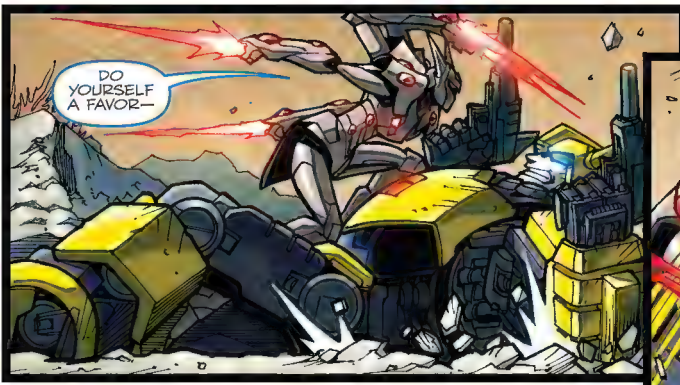
I AM ROM, KNIGHT OF THE *SOLSTAR
ORDER*—IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY TO SEE
THESE INVADERS *PAY* FOR THEIR CRIMES.



WAIT,
DON'T—
HEY!

WE CAN
HANDLE
THIS. BEE?

HANDLING
IT.

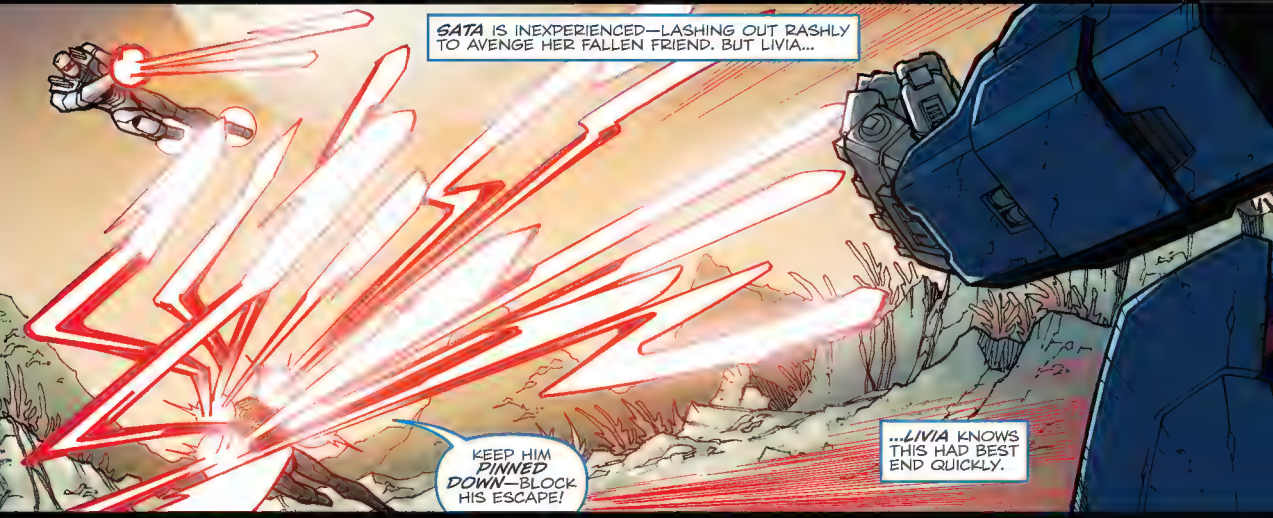


DO YOURSELF
A FAVOR—



—AND DIE
EASY.

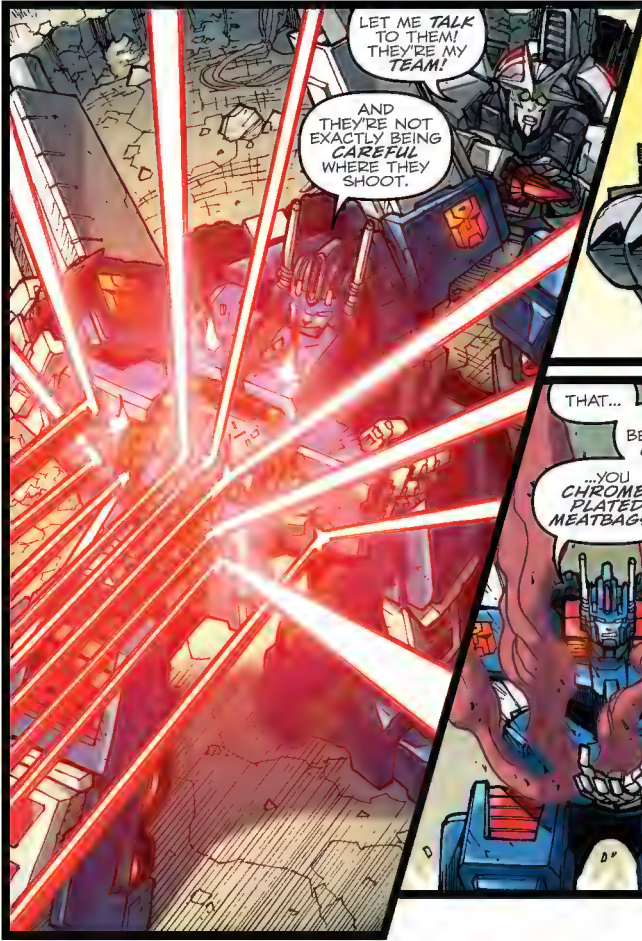
HRRRRG!



SATA IS INEXPERIENCED—LASHING OUT RASHLY
TO AVENGE HER FALLEN FRIEND. BUT LIVIA...

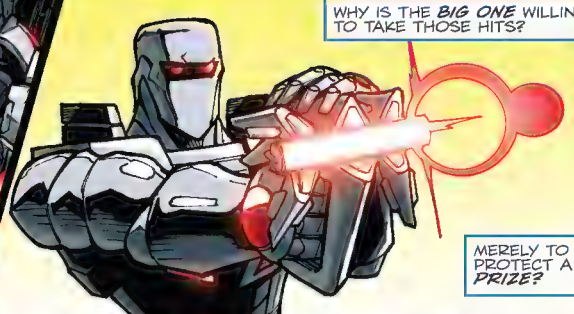
KEEP HIM
PINNED
DOWN—BLOCK
HIS ESCAPE!

...LIVIA KNOWS
THIS HAD BEST
END QUICKLY.



LET ME TALK
TO THEM!
THEY'RE MY
TEAM!

AND
THEY'RE NOT
EXACTLY BEING
CAREFUL
WHERE THEY
SHOOT.



WHY IS THE **BIG ONE** WILLING
TO TAKE THOSE HITS?

MERELY TO PROTECT A
PRIZE?



THAT...

...THE
BEST YOU
GOT...

...YOU
CHROME-
PLATED
MEATBAGS?

ROM,
SATA,
LIVIA—



—QUIT
IT!



I'M NOT ANYBODY'S PRISONER.

THE CYBERTRONIANS WERE IN TROUBLE, SO I SAVED THEM. THEN THEY WERE PROTECTING ME FROM YOU!

BUT THEY ARE DANGEROUS! YOU SAW—



NO, IT TURNS OUT THEY'RE PEOPLE!

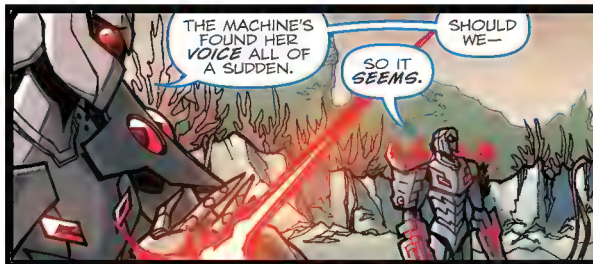
SOME ARE DANGEROUS, AND SOME TRY TO HELP!



WAS ANYTHING YOU TOLD ME TRUE?



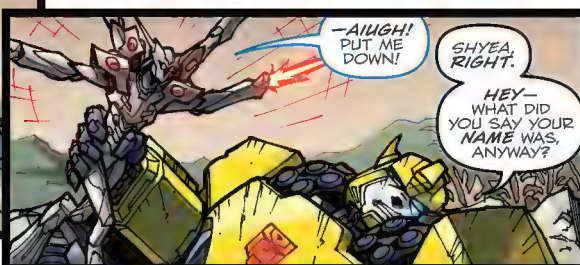
OR DID YOU JUST LIE SO YOU COULD PARADE ME IN FRONT OF THE GALACTIC COUNCIL LIKE A TRAINED ANIMAL?



THE MACHINE'S FOUND HER VOICE ALL OF A SUDDEN.

SHOULD WE—

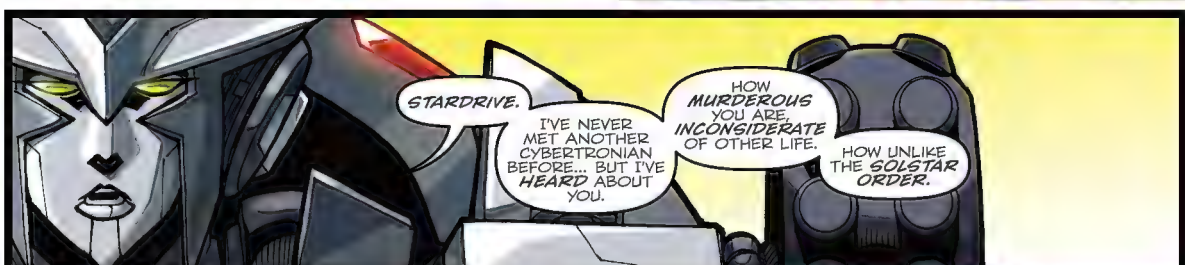
SO IT SEEMS.



—AUGH! PUT ME DOWN!

SHYEA, RIGHT.

HEY— WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, ANYWAY?

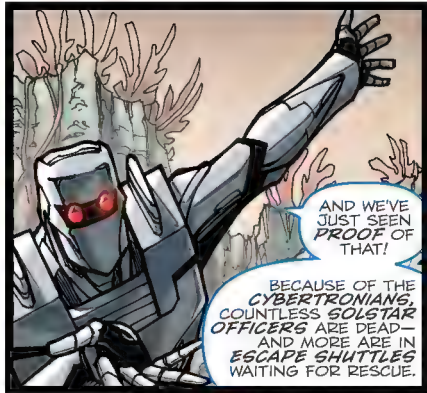


STARDRIVE.

I'VE NEVER MET ANOTHER CYBERTRONIAN BEFORE... BUT I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.

HOW MURDEROUS YOU ARE INCONSIDERATE OF OTHER LIFE.

HOW UNLIKE THE SOLSTAR ORDER.



AND WE'VE JUST SEEN PROOF OF THAT!

BECAUSE OF THE CYBERTRONIANS, COUNTLESS SOLSTAR OFFICERS ARE DEAD— AND MORE ARE IN ESCAPE SHUTTLES WAITING FOR RESCUE.



BUT SHE HAS A POINT.

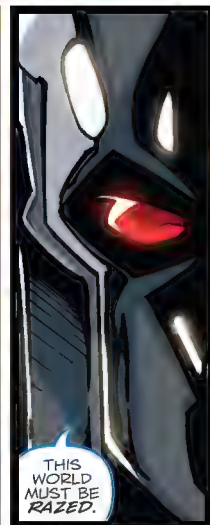
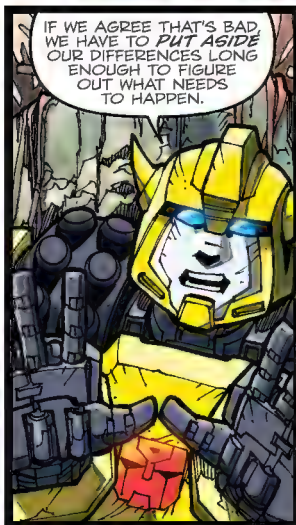
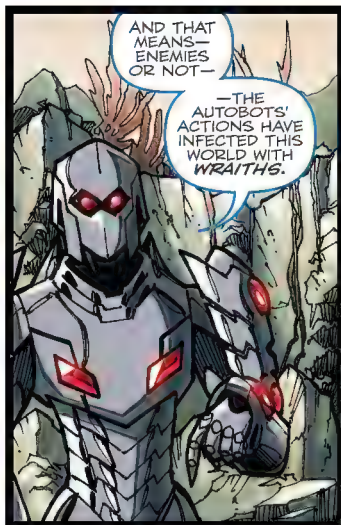
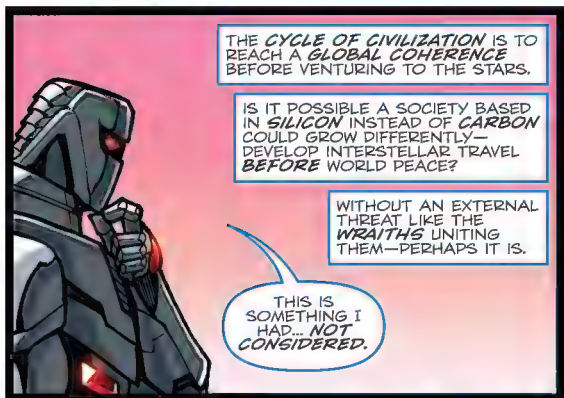
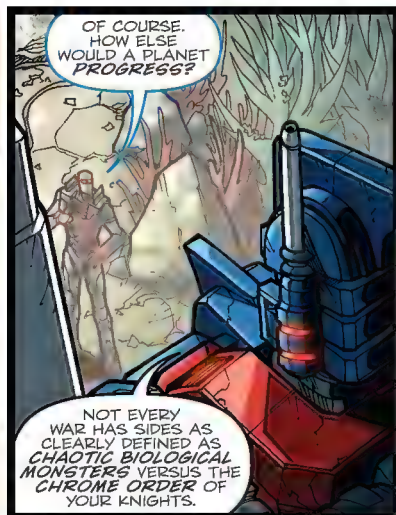
WHAT?

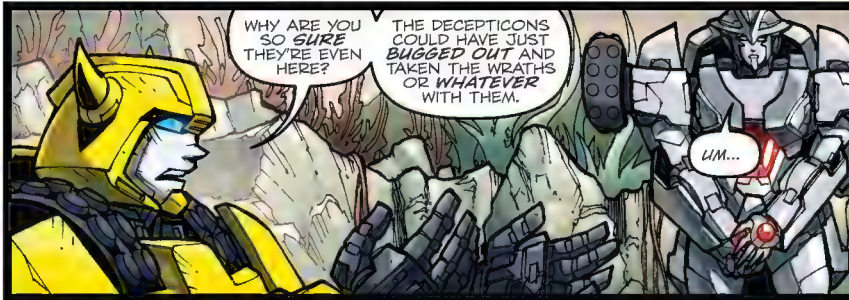
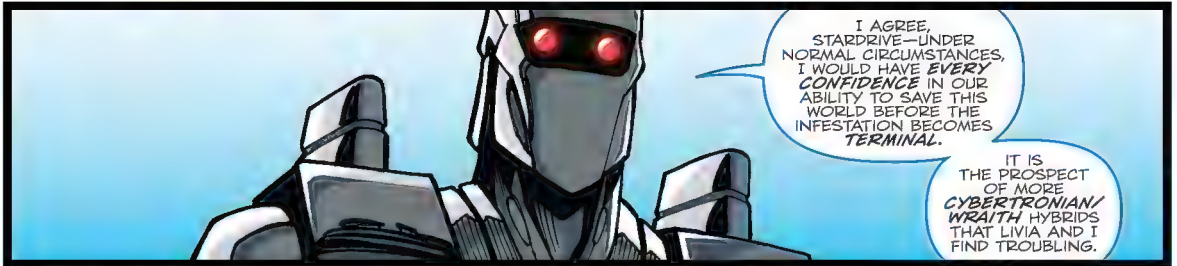
STARDRIVE— YOU ARE A MORAL BEING...

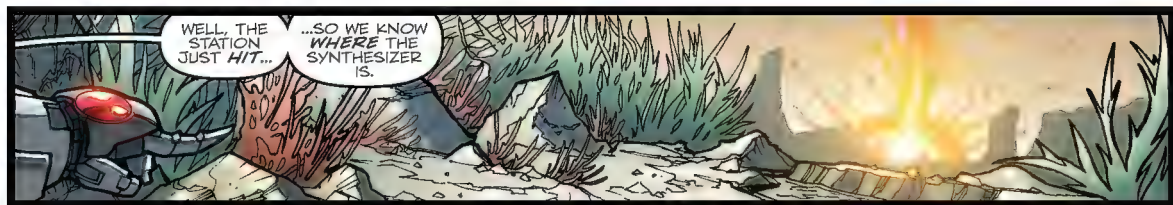


...THANKS TO SOLSTAR TEACHINGS.

AND YOU PROJECT YOUR MORALITY ONTO THESE KILLING MACHINES, IN THE VAIN HOPE OF NOT BEING ALONE.







WELL, THE STATION JUST HIT...

...SO WE KNOW WHERE THE SYNTHESIZER IS.



LET'S SWITCH TO JET MODES AND GET MOVING.

ER.

AND WHY DIDN'T YOU DO THAT IN THE STATION, ANYWAY?

YOU ACTED LIKE YOU WERE TRAPPED THERE.

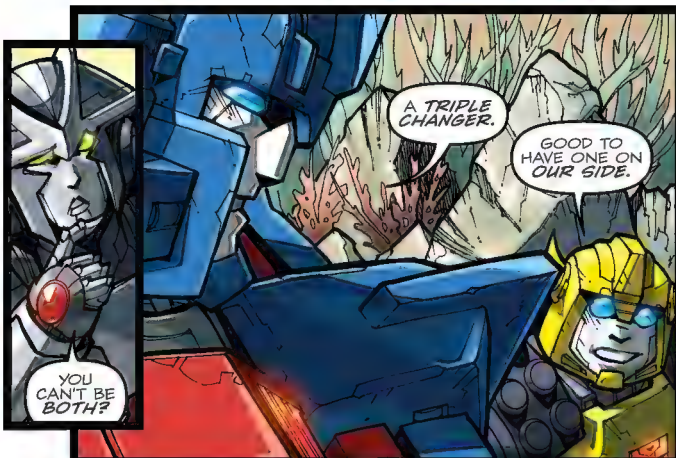


IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.



WHAT MAGNUS IS TRYING TO SAY IS WE CHANGE INTO CARS.

NEITHER OF US IS AN AIRPLANE.



A TRIPLE CHANGER.

GOOD TO HAVE ONE ON OUR SIDE.

YOU CAN'T BE BOTH?



AM I UNUSUAL?

WE HAVE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE.

WE KNIGHTS SHALL TRAVEL AHEAD TO THE IMPACT SITE, WHILE SARA WILL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU AUTOBOTS.



MEET AT THE WRECKAGE. TOGETHER WE SHALL DEAL WITH WHATEVER DECEPTICON/WRAITH THREATS MAY EXIST.

BUT...



HOW UNDIGNIFIED.

HANG ON TIGHT, LITTLE KNIGHT!



LEFT BEHIND AGAIN.
THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

THE WRAITHS AND DECEPTICONS
COULD HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE...



AAIGHHGGGHHH!

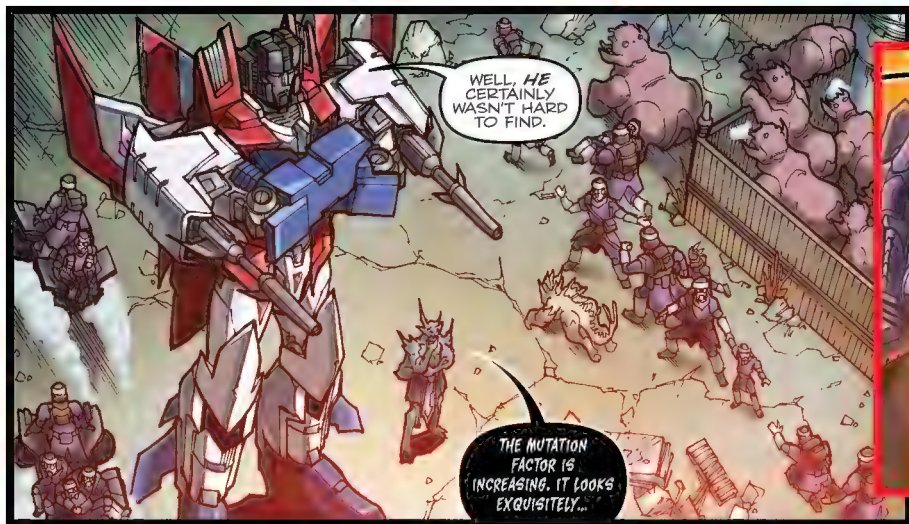
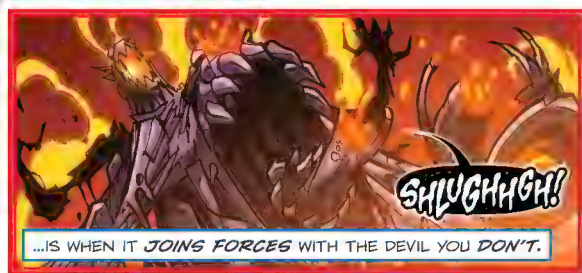
...PLANNING
ANYTHING.
THE ONLY
THING WORSE
THAN THE
DEVIL YOU
KNOW...

HORRAGAMEHGE!



SHUGHGH!

...IS WHEN IT JOINS FORCES WITH THE DEVIL YOU DON'T.

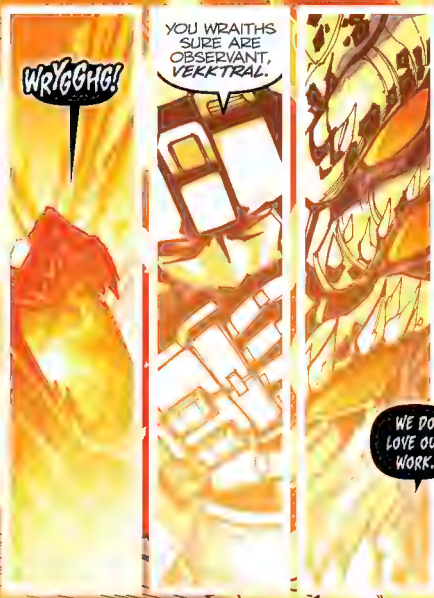


WELL, HE
CERTAINLY
WASN'T HARD
TO FIND.

THE MUTATION
FACTOR IS
INCREASING. IT LOOKS
EXQUISITELY...

...PAINFUL.

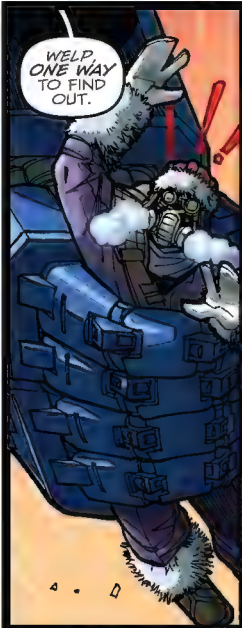
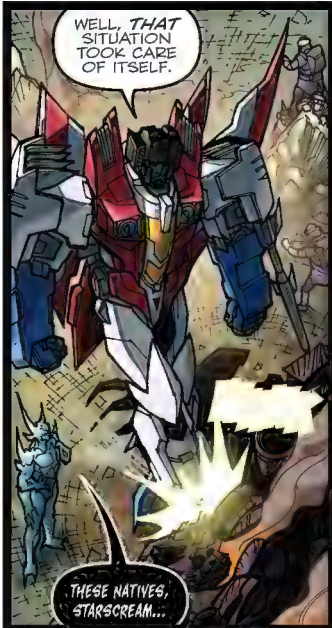
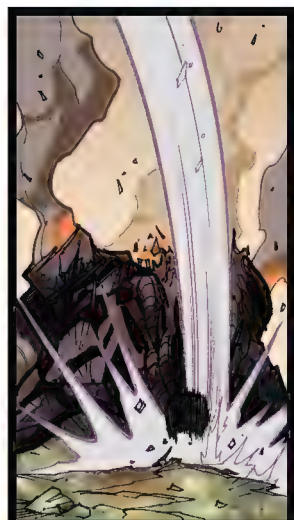
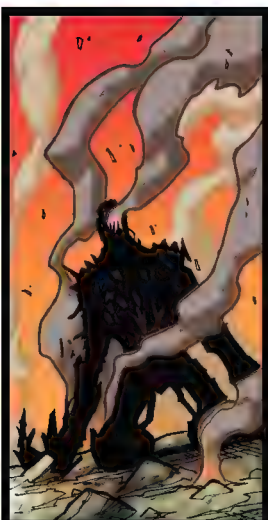
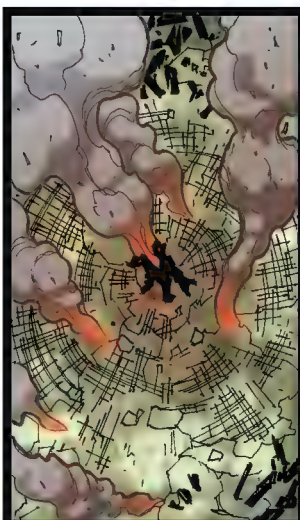


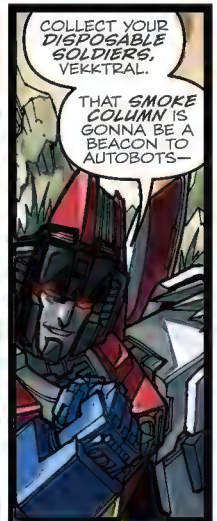
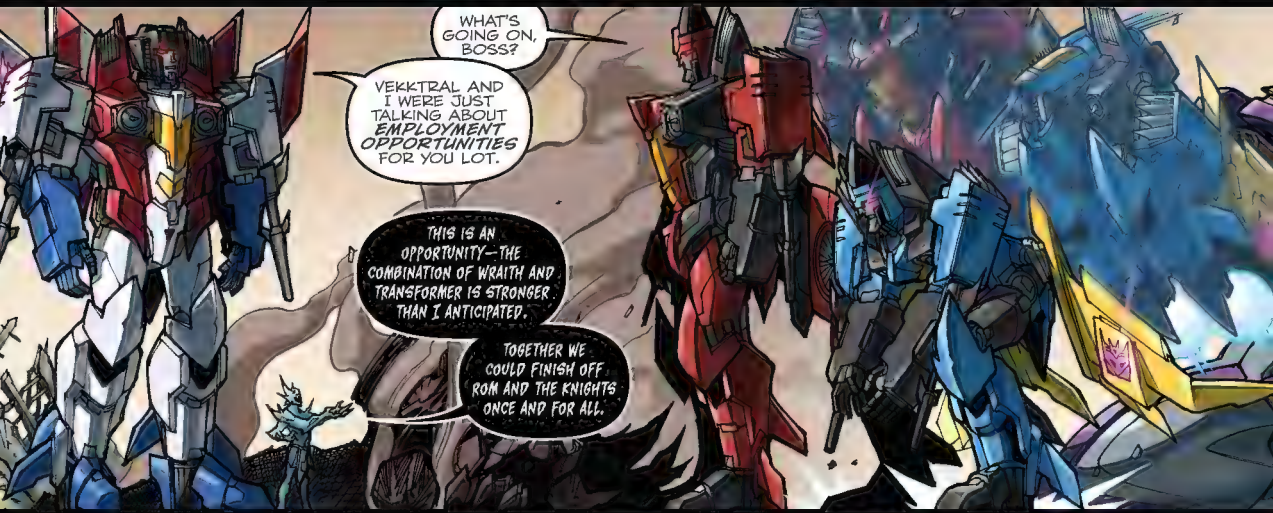


WRYGGHG!

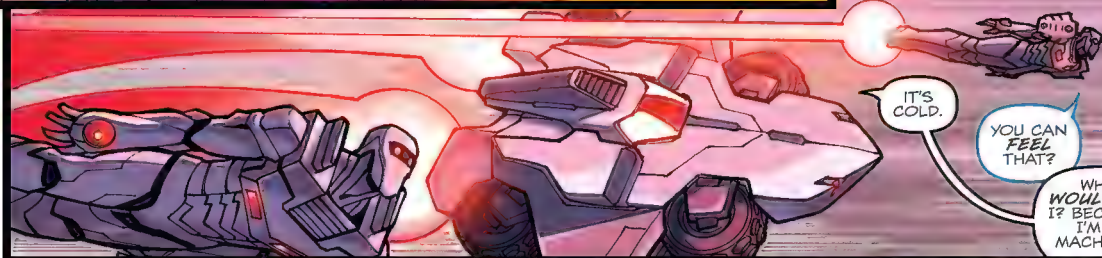
YOU WRAITHS SURE ARE OBSERVANT, VEKTRAL.

WE DO LOVE OUR WORK.





"—AND I WANT THAT SYNTHESIZER IN MY HANDS *BEFORE* I HAVE TO DIRTY THEM AGAIN."



IT'S COLD.

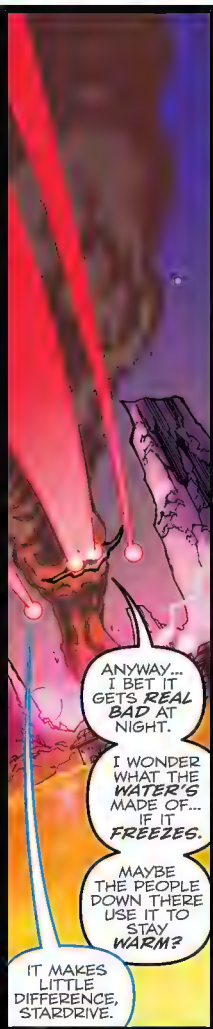
YOU CAN FEEL THAT?

WHY WOULDN'T I? BECAUSE I'M A MACHINE?



BECAUSE I CAN'T. ROM AND I... HAVEN'T FELT MUCH IN A LONG TIME.

HUH. WELL, I DO. MUST BE A QUIRK OF MY CYBERTRONIAN PHYSIOLOGY.



ANYWAY... I BET IT GETS *REAL* BAD AT NIGHT.

I WONDER WHAT THE *WATER'S* MADE OF... IF IT *FREEZES*.

MAYBE THE PEOPLE DOWN THERE USE IT TO STAY *WARM*?

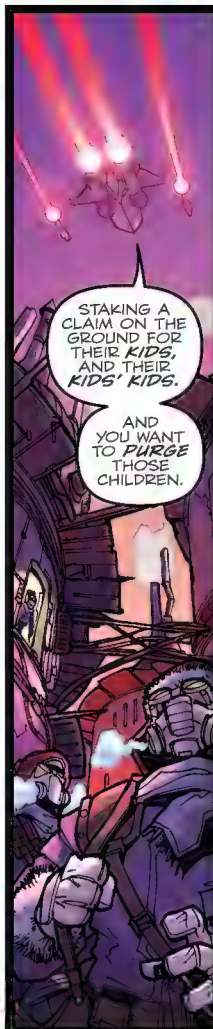
IT MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE, STARDRIVE.



NO. IT *DOES*. THINK ABOUT IT.

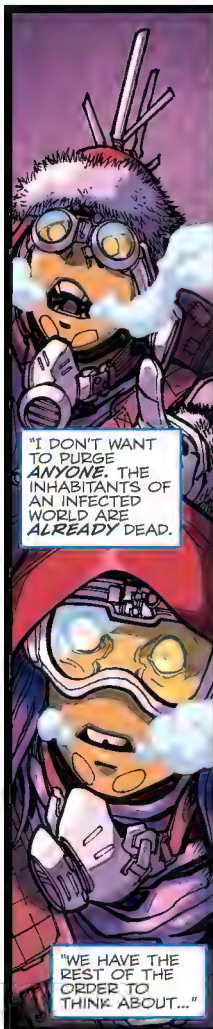
MILLIONS OF YEARS. CREATURES EVOLVING. ADAPTING.

LEARNING TO HARNESS THE *GOOD* PARTS OF THEIR PLANET AGAINST THE *BAD*.



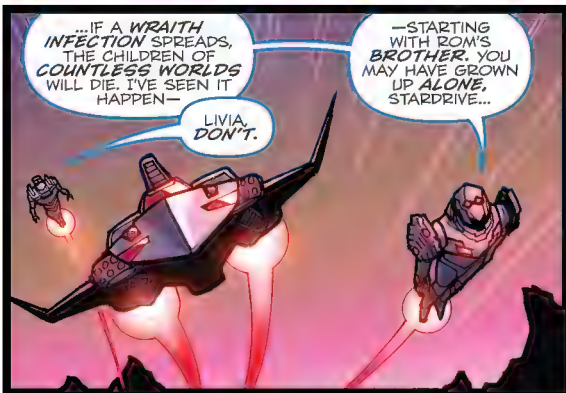
STAKING A CLAIM ON THE GROUND FOR THEIR *KIDS*, AND THEIR *KIDS' KIDS*.

AND YOU WANT TO *PURGE* THOSE CHILDREN.



"I DON'T WANT TO PURGE *ANYONE*. THE INHABITANTS OF AN INFECTED WORLD ARE *ALREADY* DEAD.

"WE HAVE THE REST OF THE ORDER TO THINK ABOUT..."



...IF A *WRAITH* INFECTION SPREADS, THE CHILDREN OF COUNTLESS WORLDS WILL DIE. I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN—

LIVIA. DON'T.

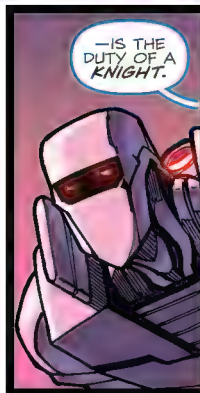
—STARTING WITH ROM'S *BROTHER*. YOU MAY HAVE GROWN UP ALONE, STARDRIVE...



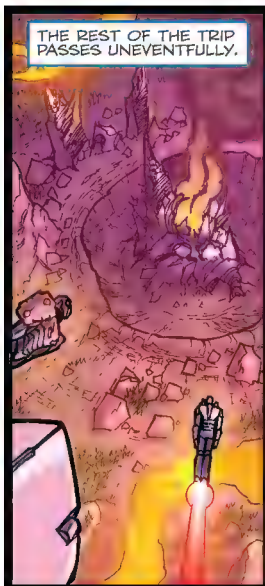
...BUT WE'VE ALL SUFFERED INCALCULABLE LOSSES.

PREVENTING MORE—

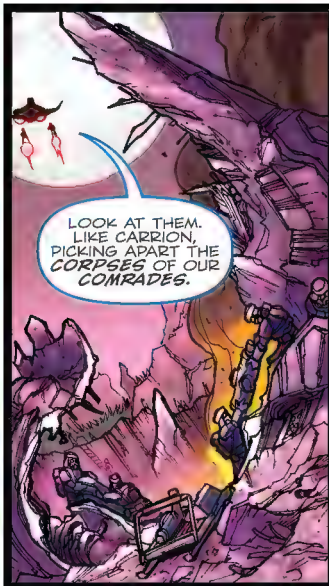
—AT ANY COST—



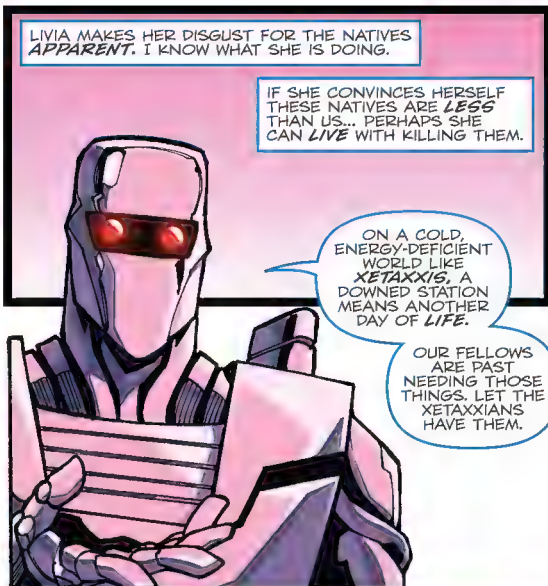
—IS THE DUTY OF A KNIGHT.



THE REST OF THE TRIP
PASSES UNEVENTFULLY.



LOOK AT THEM.
LIKE CARRION,
PICKING APART THE
CORPSES OF OUR
COMRADES.



LIVIA MAKES HER DISGUST FOR THE NATIVES
APPARENT. I KNOW WHAT SHE IS DOING.

IF SHE CONVINCES HERSELF
THESE NATIVES ARE *LESS*
THAN US... PERHAPS SHE
CAN *LIVE* WITH KILLING THEM.

ON A COLD,
ENERGY-DEFICIENT
WORLD LIKE
XETAXXIS, A
DOWNED STATION
MEANS ANOTHER
DAY OF *LIFE*.

OUR FELLOWS
ARE PAST
NEEDING THOSE
THINGS. LET THE
XETAXXIANS
HAVE THEM.



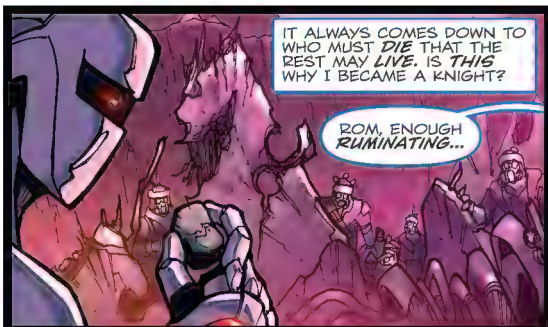
I WORKED IN A
MINE BEFORE I
WAS A KNIGHT.
AS PART OF
MY *GEOLOGY*
STUDIES...



...UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES,
PERHAPS I COULD *HELP* THE
XETAXXIANS BETTER HARNESS
THEIR WORLD'S *NATURAL* HEAT.

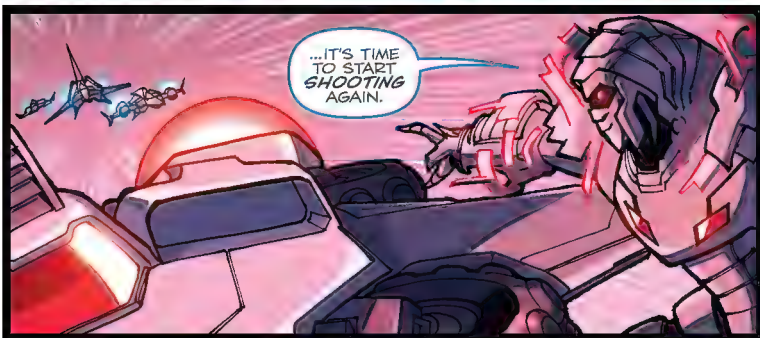


BUT NOW
THEIR VERY
SURVIVAL IS
IN QUESTION.

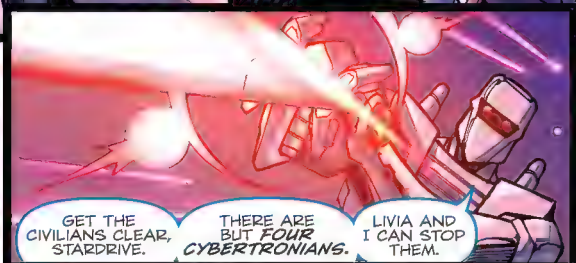
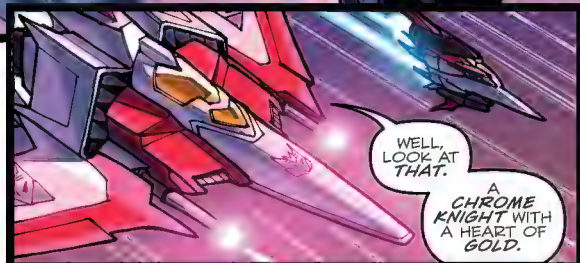
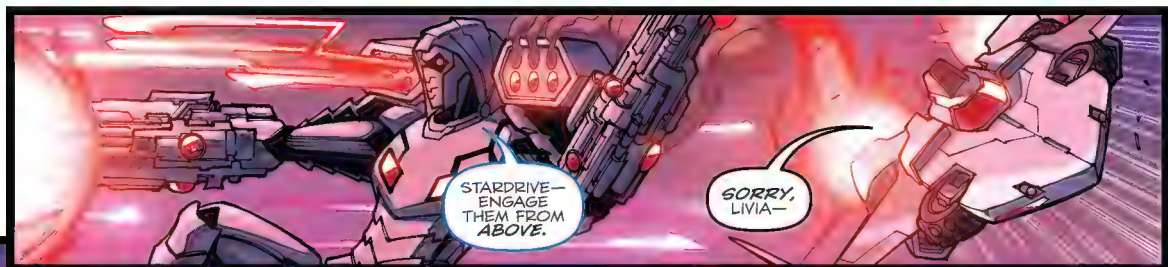


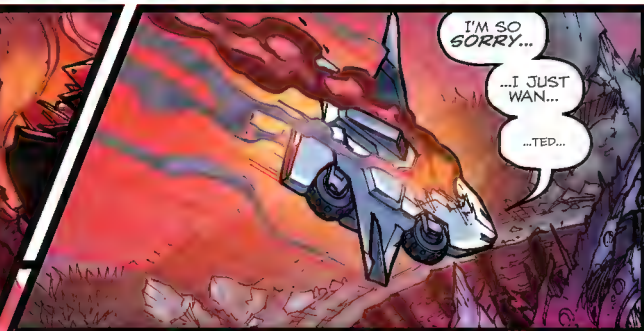
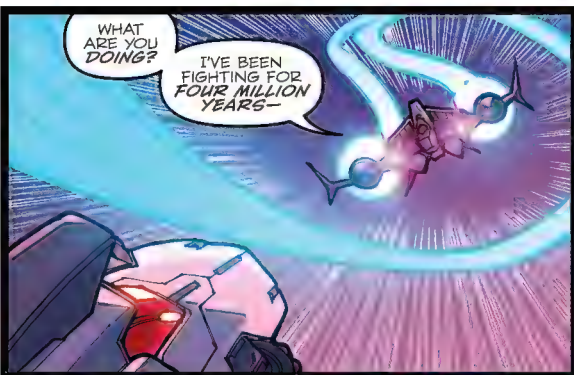
IT ALWAYS COMES DOWN TO
WHO MUST *DIE* THAT THE
REST MAY *LIVE*. IS *THIS*
WHY I BECAME A KNIGHT?

ROM. ENOUGH
RUMINATING...



...IT'S TIME
TO START
SHOOTING
AGAIN.







IS THAT SO?

BECAUSE FRANKLY, THIS PLACE IS *FREEZING*, AND I'D REALLY LIKE TO *WARM MY JETS* IN A NICE COMFY *BATTLE CRUISER*.

BUT IF *YOU* WANT TO STAY HERE, I'M HAPPY TO *BURY YOU*.



DIE, CYBERTRONIAN!

OW!



THAT ACTUALLY HURT!

ROM—

I LIVE. THOUGH I ADMIT—THAT HURT, AS WELL.



DECEPTICON!

IF YOU'VE HARMED *STARDRIVE*—



—IT'S *YOU* WHO WILL BE BURIED!



—WHILE WE BATTLE TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF XETAXIS, FROM *WRAITHS* AND *DECEPTICONS*.
YOU FIGHT FOR PERSONAL GAIN—

AND THIS ROM VOWS—WHATEVER THE COST—*NO MORE INNOCENTS DIE THIS DAY!*



WE'RE NEVER GOING TO GET TO THE SATELLITE IF YOU WASTE OUR TIME LIKE THIS.



NEVER THOUGHT I'D AGREE WITH A CYBERTRONIAN, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT.

I KNOW.



HAVE A SPARK, MAGNUS. IT'S DAMN COLD OUT HERE, AND I'M WORRIED ABOUT THESE LITTLE GUYS.



THEY LIVE HERE, BEE. THEY'RE USED TO IT.

AND DON'T EVEN CONSIDER LEAVING THE TORCH BEHIND. THAT WOULD BE A VIOLATION OF THE TYREST ACCORD.

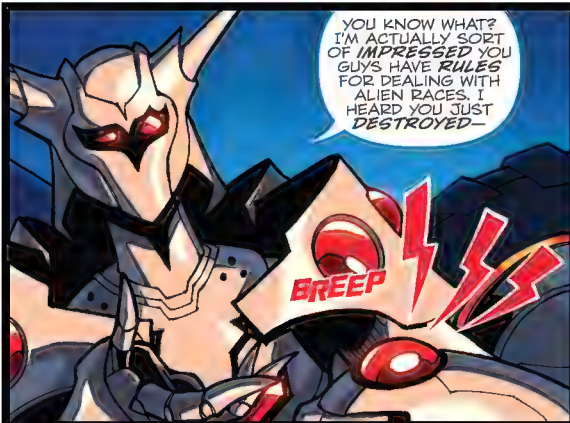


UT UT!

THE TYREST ACCORD PROHIBITS TRADING TECHNOLOGY. IF I GAVE THEM SOMETHING—



TRADING IN SYMPATHY IS STILL A CRIME.



YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M ACTUALLY SORT OF IMPRESSED YOU GUYS HAVE RULES FOR DEALING WITH ALIEN RACES. I HEARD YOU JUST DESTROYED—

BREEP



SATA—WHAT'S YOUR E.T.A.? WE'RE UNDER ATTACK, AND ROM'S HALFWAY TO GOING NATIVE.

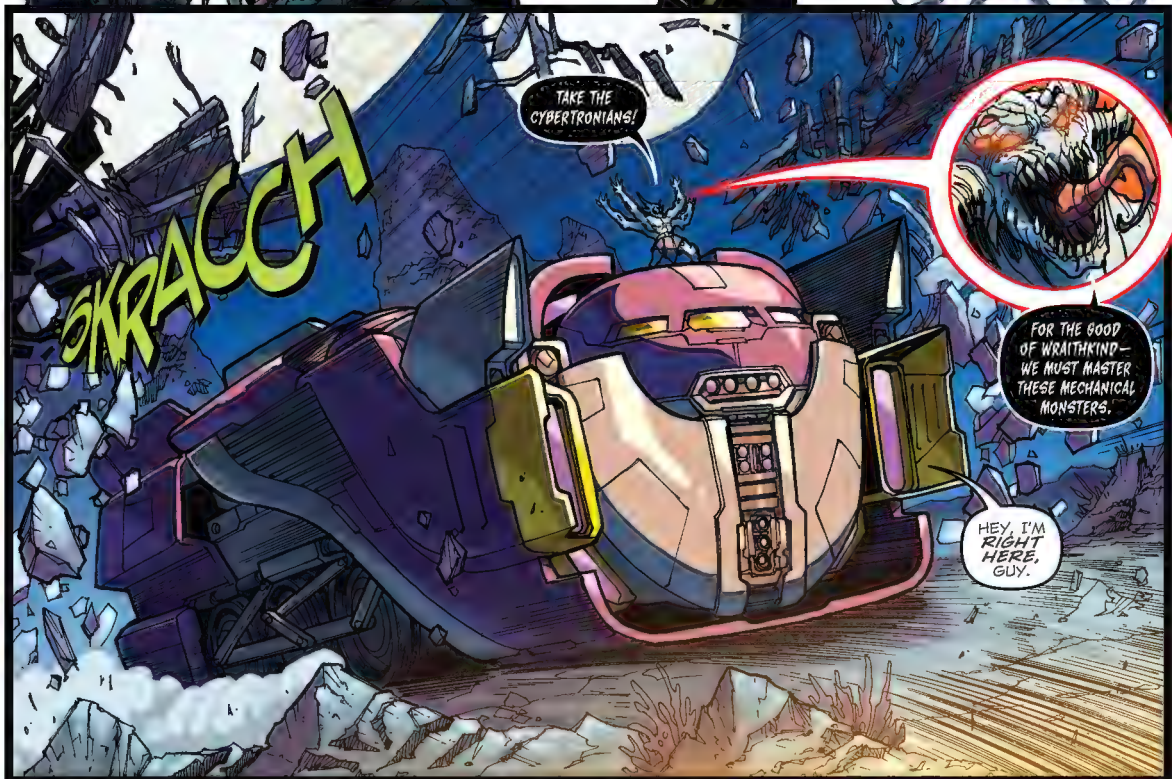
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S TIME TO ROLL OUT.

RAGGH!

HSSS!

WHAT THE HELL?!

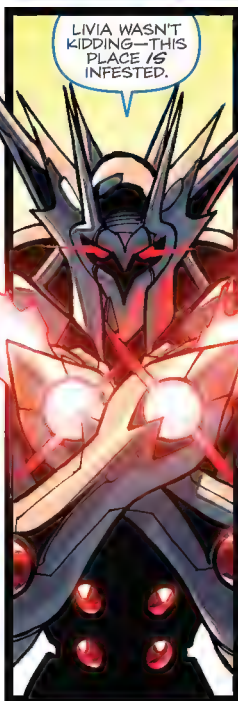
THE VILLAGERS!



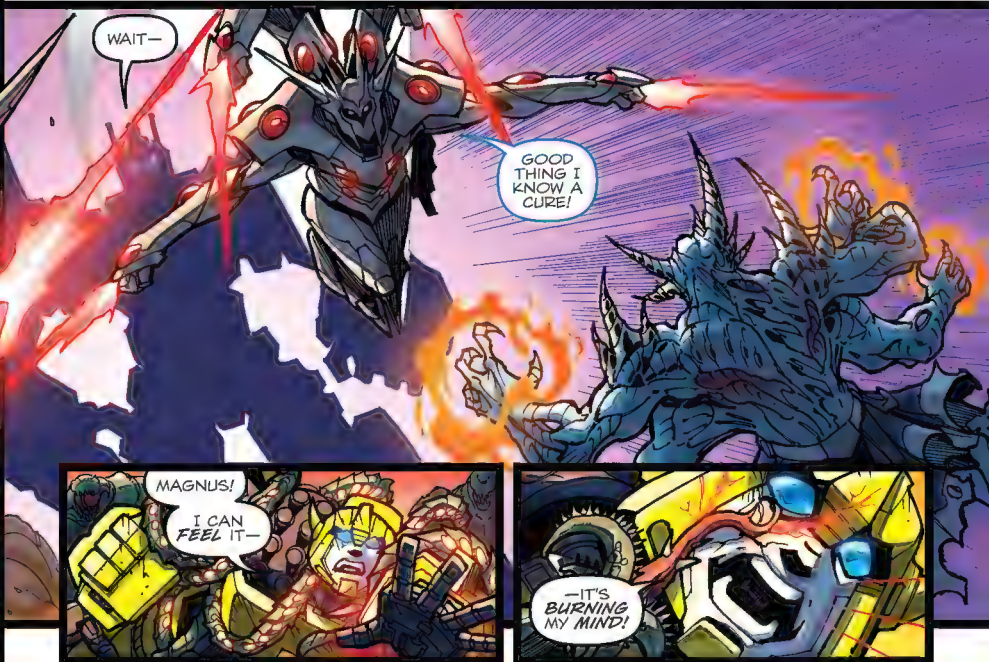
TAKE THE CYBERTRONIANS!

FOR THE GOOD OF WRAITHKIND—WE MUST MASTER THESE MECHANICAL MONSTERS.

HEY, I'M RIGHT HERE, GUY.



LIVIA WASN'T KIDDING—THIS PLACE IS INFESTED.

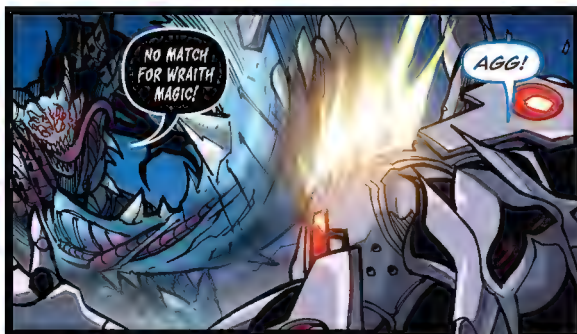


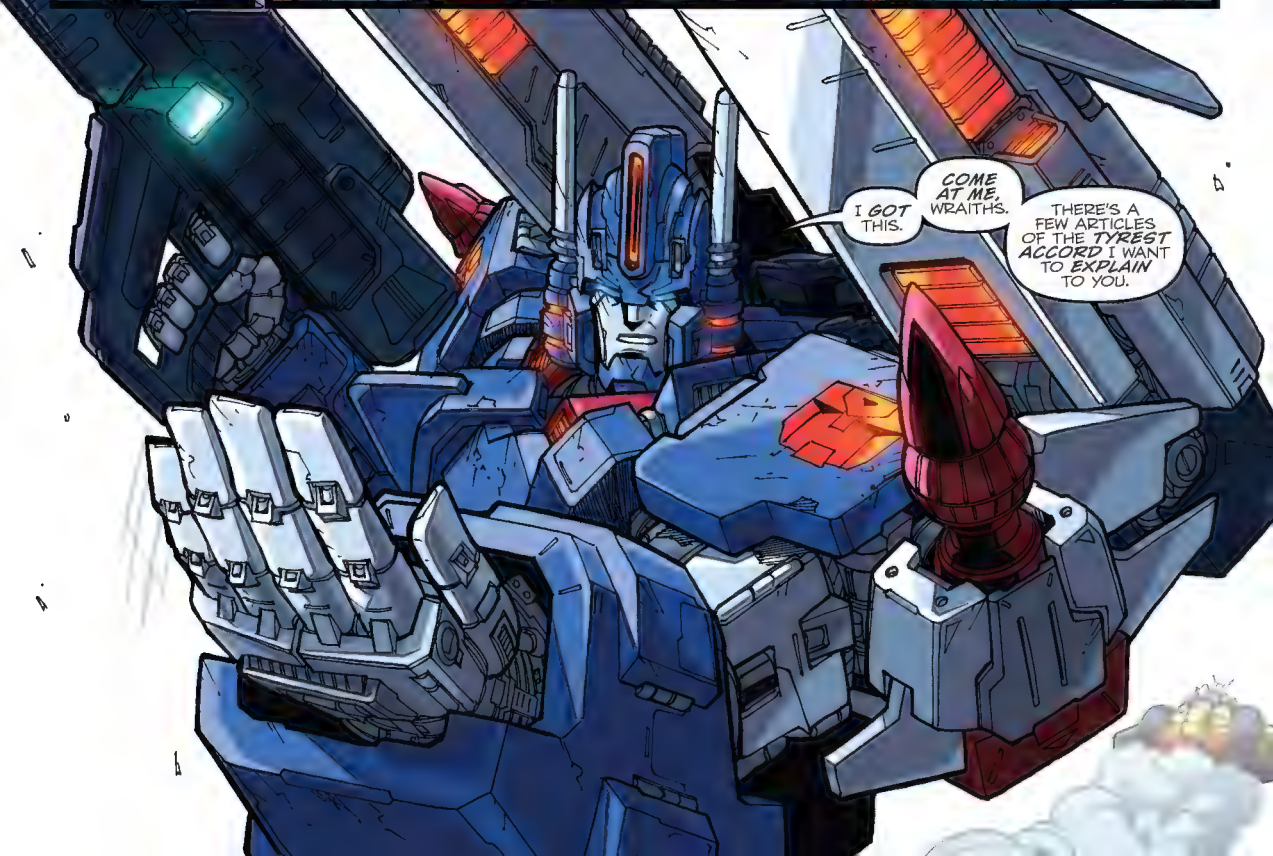
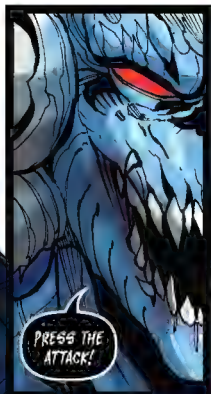
WAIT—

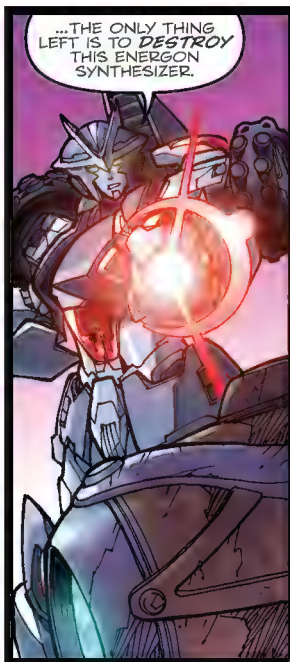
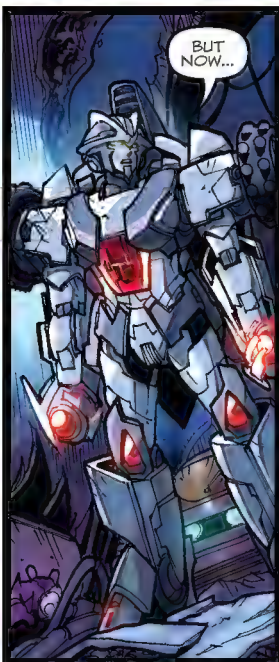
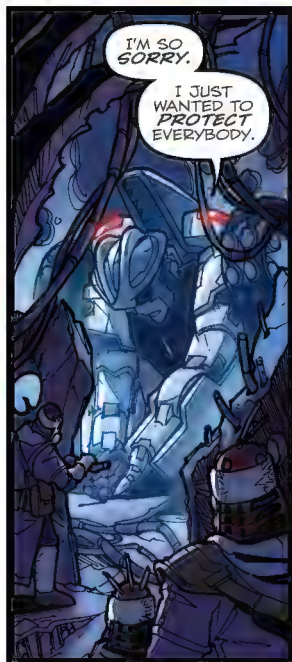
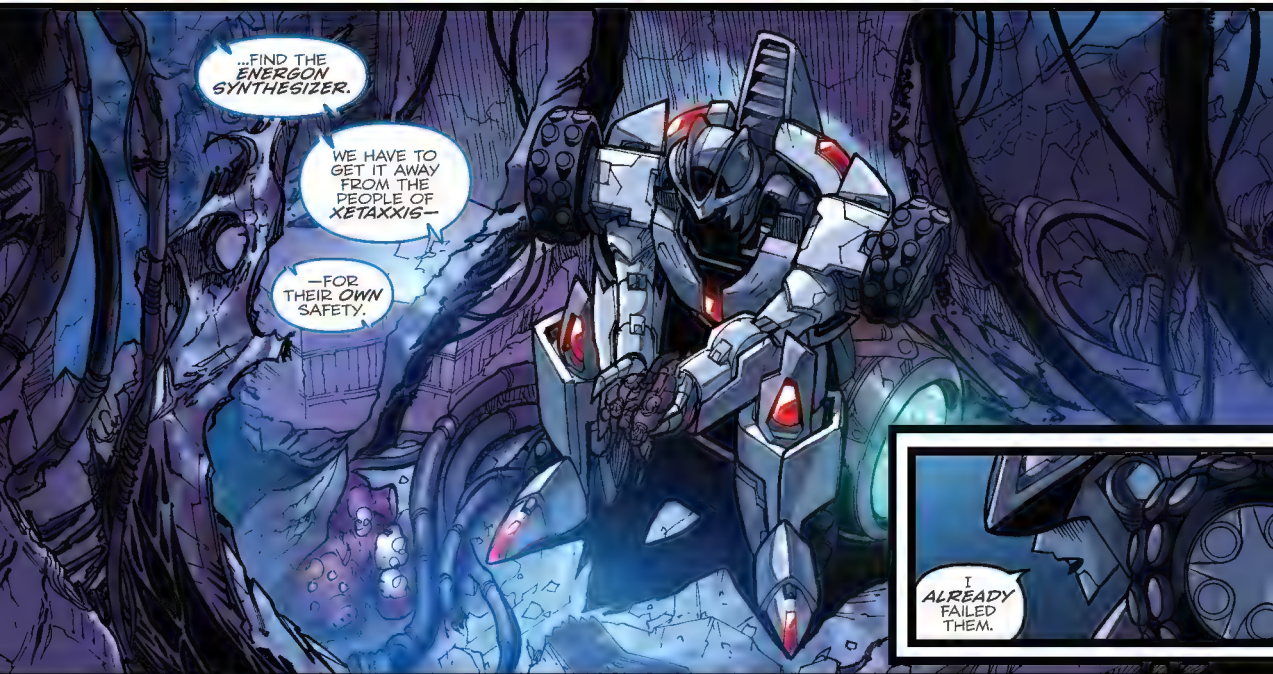
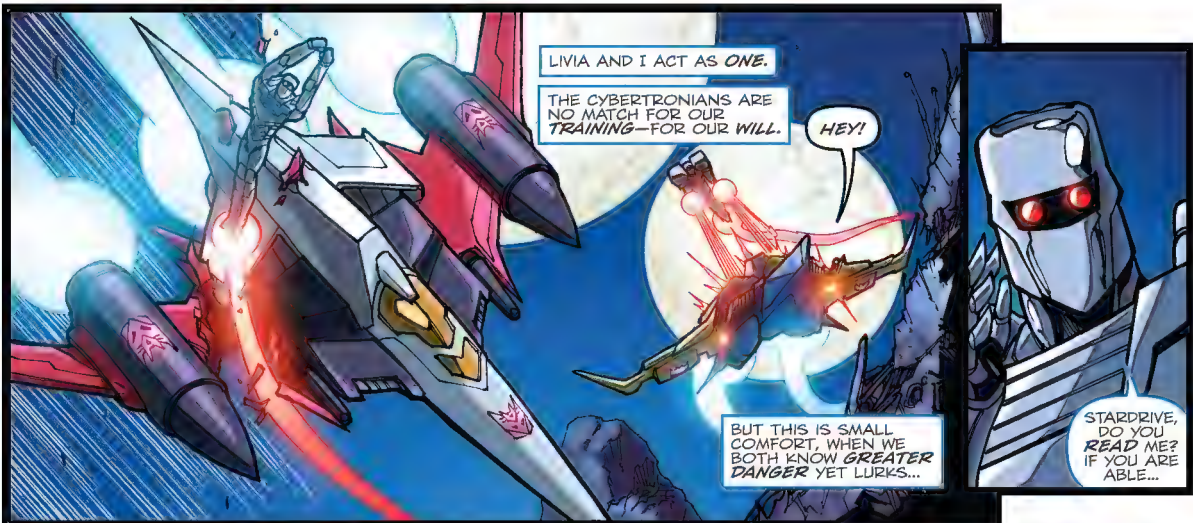
GOOD THING I KNOW A CURE!

MAGNUS!
I CAN FEEL IT—

—IT'S BURNING MY MIND!









NOW,
NOW—
—LET'S NOT
DO ANYTHING
HASTY.

PUT YOUR
BLAST-A-LIZER
DOWN AND LET'S
TALK LIKE *SENSIBLE*
30-FOOT-TALL
MECHANICAL KILLING
MACHINES.

THE
CONVERTER
IS *YOURS*,
STARSCREAM—



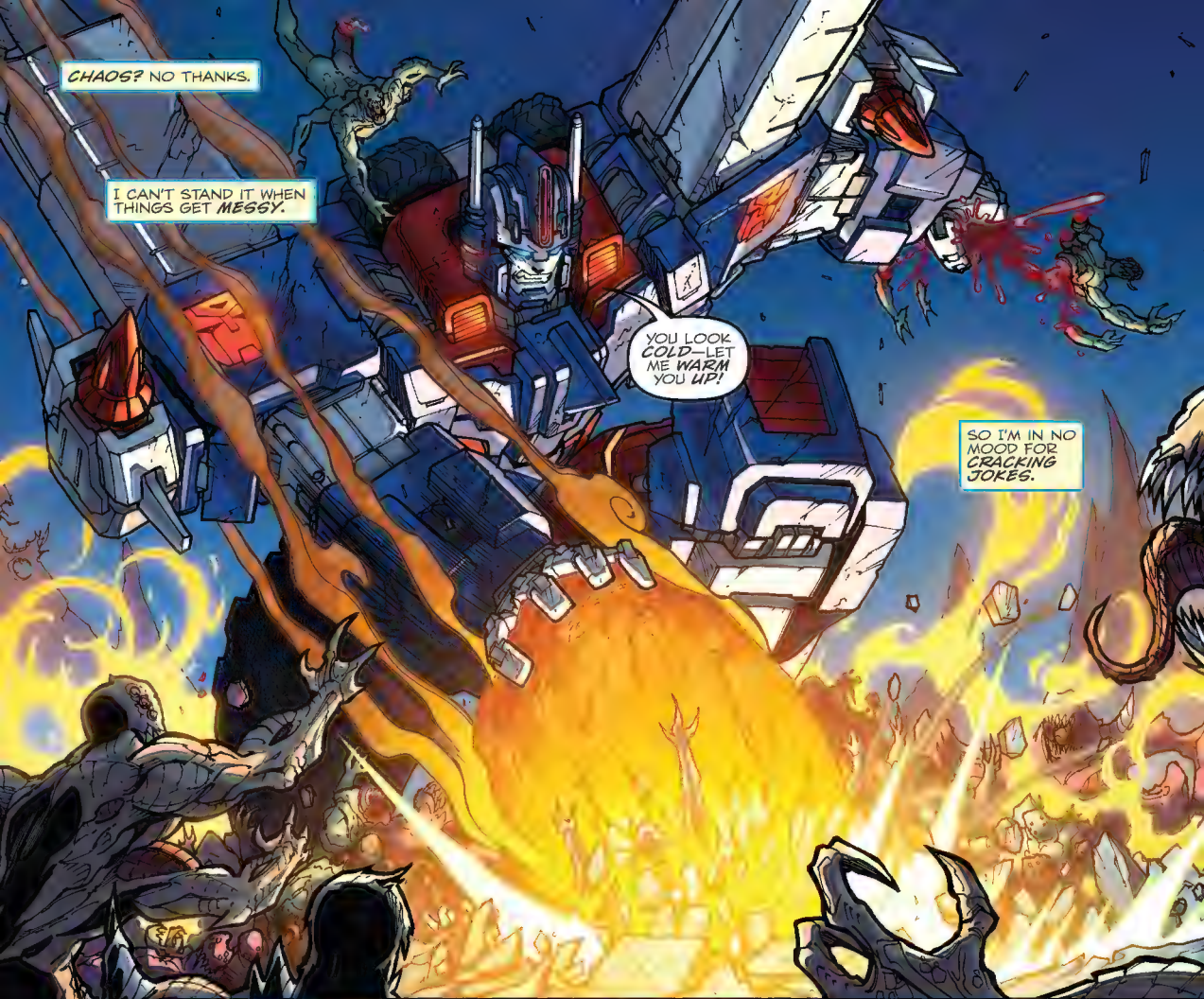
—IF YOU
LEAVE THIS
PLANET AND
TAKE EVERY
LAST WRAITH
WITH YOU.



THERE.
SEE?
WASN'T
SO HARD
TO MAKE A
DEAL, WAS
IT?







CHAOS? NO THANKS.

I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN THINGS GET MESSY.

YOU LOOK COLD—LET ME WARM YOU UP!

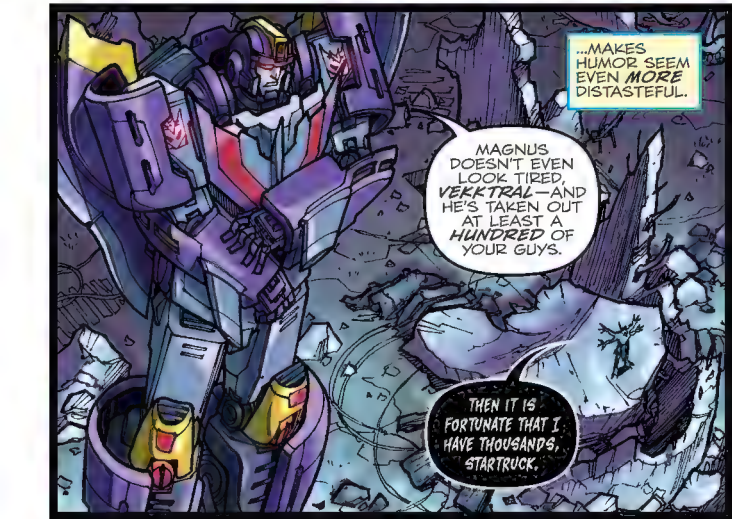
SO I'M IN NO MOOD FOR CRACKING JOKES.



TO BE HONEST, THOUGH—I NEVER AM.

JOKES ARE BELOW THE DIGNITY OF AN ULTRA MAGNUS.

BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THESE DIRE WRAITHS...



...MAKES HUMOR SEEM EVEN MORE DISTASTEFUL.

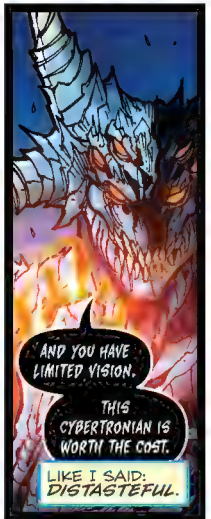
MAGNUS DOESN'T EVEN LOOK TIRED, VEKTRAL—AND HE'S TAKEN OUT AT LEAST A HUNDRED OF YOUR GUYS.

THEN IT IS FORTUNATE THAT I HAVE THOUSANDS, STARTRUCK.



ASTROTRAIN. THE NAME'S... NEVER MIND.

YOU GOT A REAL PARTICULAR STYLE OF LEADERSHIP.



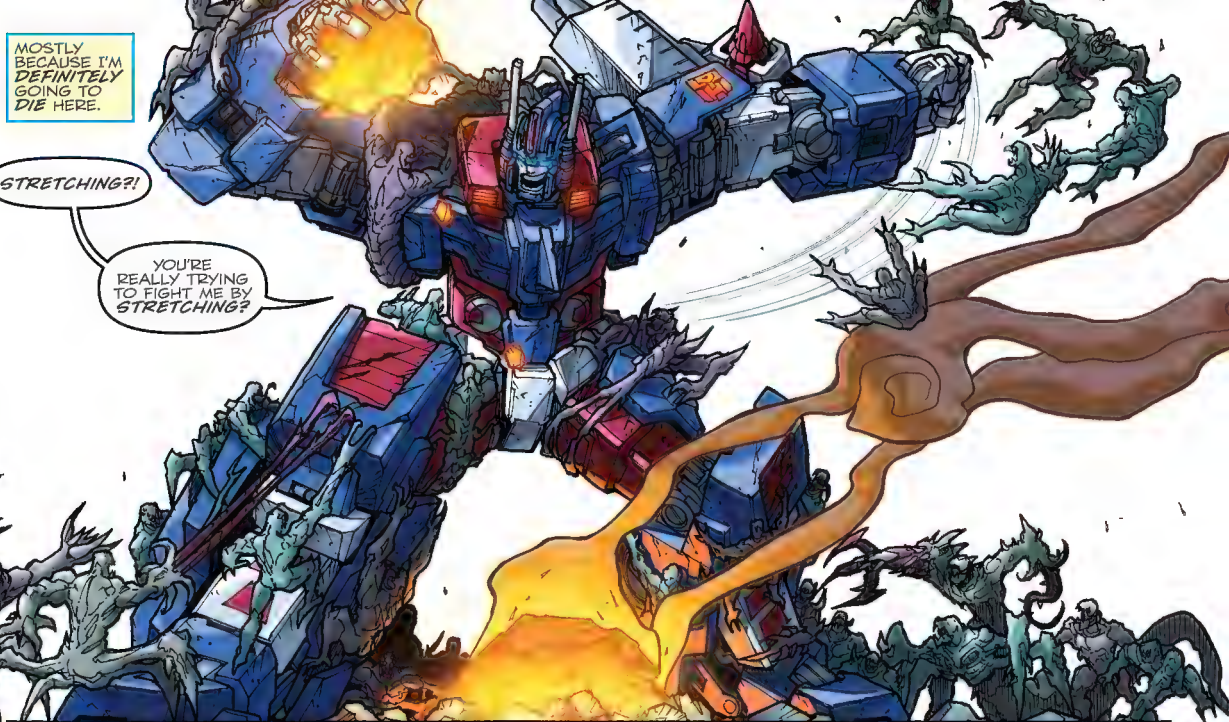
AND YOU HAVE LIMITED VISION.

THIS CYBERTRONIAN IS WORTH THE COST. LIKE I SAID: DISTASTEFUL.

MOSTLY BECAUSE I'M DEFINITELY GOING TO DIE HERE.

STRETCHING?!

YOU'RE REALLY TRYING TO FIGHT ME BY STRETCHING?



HNGG!

I—RRGH—I CAN SEE WHY YOU'RE TOO EMBARRASSED TO LEAVE YOUR SECTOR OF SPACE.

SQUASH

PRIMUS... JUST GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO GO OUT LIKE THE ULTRA MAGNUSES BEFORE ME.

I DON'T WANT TO DISGRACE THE UNIFORM.

YOU SEEM FEARFUL, CYBERTRONIAN... BUT NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.

SHEESH. THAT'S HARSH.

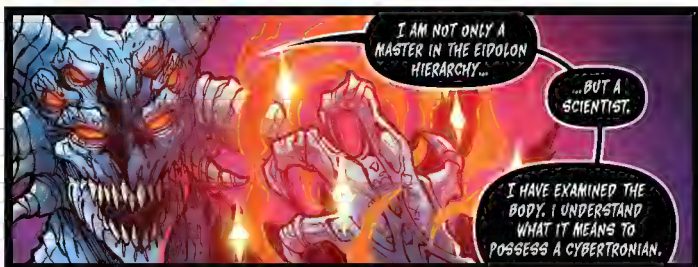
YOUR FRIEND DIED IN AGONY, CONSUMED BY THE MAGICKS OF A COMMON WRAITH DRONE.



I AM NOT ONLY A MASTER IN THE EIDOLON HIERARCHY...

...BUT A SCIENTIST.

I HAVE EXAMINED THE BODY. I UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO POSSESS A CYBERTRONIAN.



I... HOPE IT MEANS YOU SHUT UP.

IT MEANS I CAN CONTROL THE PROCESS.

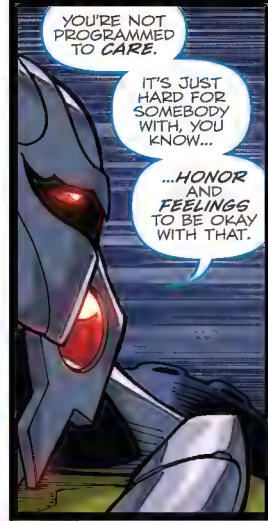
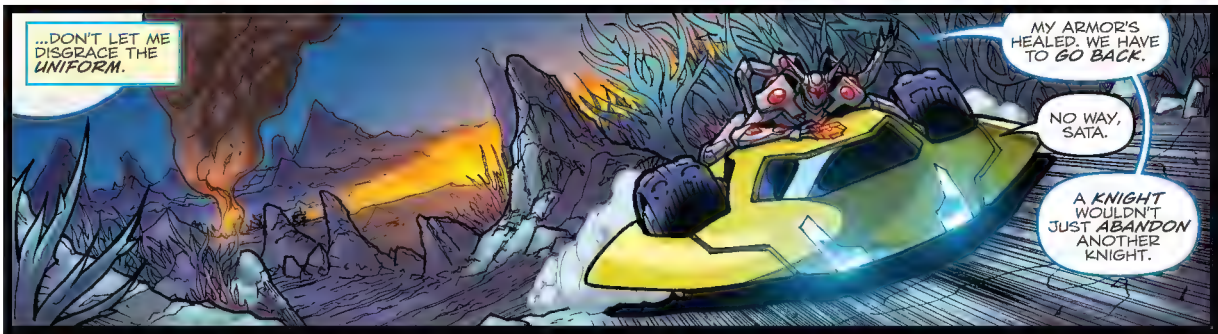


BELIEVE ME—THIS WILL HURT YOU MUCH MORE THAN IT HURTS ME.

HAAUGH!

PRIMUS, PLEASE...



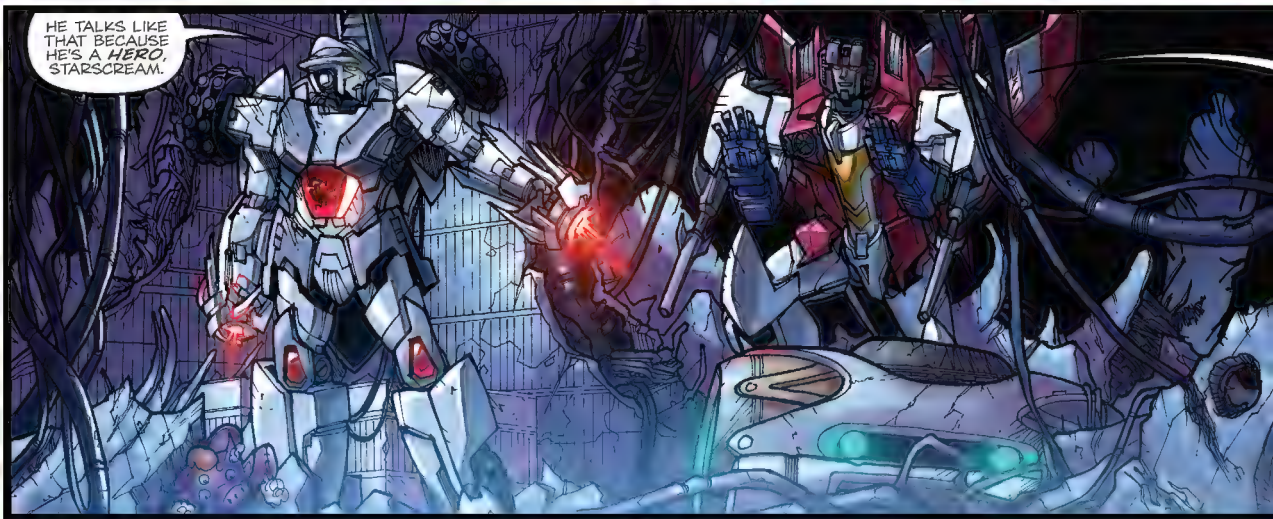




"...I REFUSE TO GIVE UP HOPE."

YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE, YOU CHROME-PLATED MEATBAGS!

ROM—YOU LOOK A BIT OVERWHELMED.



HE TALKS LIKE THAT BECAUSE HE'S A HERO, STARScream.



NO WAY.

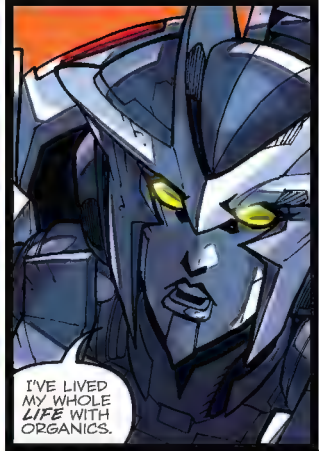


AND WHY NOT? THE DECEPTICONS ARE ALL ABOUT EQUALITY.

PLUS GENOCIDE. I'VE SEEN WHAT YOUR KIND DO.



HAVE YOU? ANYWAY—SO SOME ORGANICS DIED. SO WHAT? THEY DON'T LIVE LONG, ANYWAY.



I'VE LIVED MY WHOLE LIFE WITH ORGANICS.



MERELY
ESTABLISHING
A DEFENSIVE
POSITION,
LIVIA.

STAY
BEHIND ME,
XETAXXIANS.

I AM
ROM—KNIGHT
OF THE SOLSTAR
ORDER, AND THIS IS
MY VOW TO YOU: I
SHALL PROTECT
YOU WITH MY LIFE,
OR DIE AT YOUR
SIDE!

"HOW CAN YOU STAND
LISTENING TO HIM?"



OKAY, OKAY.
HE SOUNDS LIKE
HE'S GOT A
FUSION CANNON
UP HIS TAILPIPE...

...BUT YOU'VE
CONVINCED ME
THAT'S PART OF
HIS CHARM.



JUST LIKE YOU CONVINCED
ME OF YOUR PLAN—I
TAKE THE **ENERGON**
SYNTHESIZER AND GET
OUT OF HERE WITH
THE **WRAITHS**.

THE DEAL
IS DONE.
BUT...

...I HAVE **ONE**
SUGGESTION—
A POTENTIAL
ADDENDUM.

WHY DON'T
YOU COME WITH
ME? JOIN THE
DECEPTICONS.



AND
LOOK HOW
HUMORLESS
IT'S MADE
YOU.

YOU'RE FAR
SUPERIOR
TO THEM. LOOK AT
THE **ARMOR** THEY
WEAR—THEY
PRETEND THEY'RE
LIKE YOU.



YOU MADE
A DEAL
WITH THE
WRAITHS.

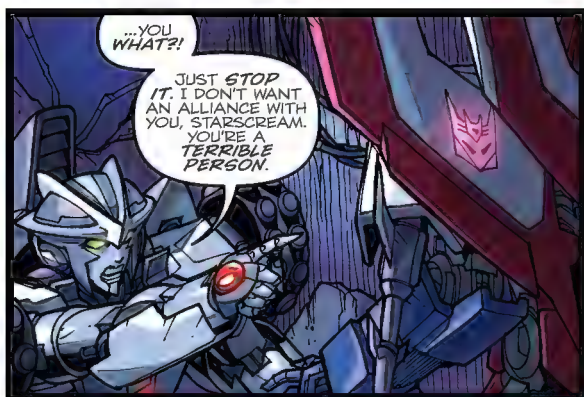
THEY'RE
EVIL—THEY
KILL WITHOUT
CONSCIENCE.



THAT'S
EXACTLY MY
PROBLEM—I'VE
BEEN PULLED INTO
THEIR MESS.

I NEED
YOUR HELP TO
STOP THE
WRAITHS.

YOU...



...YOU WHAT?!

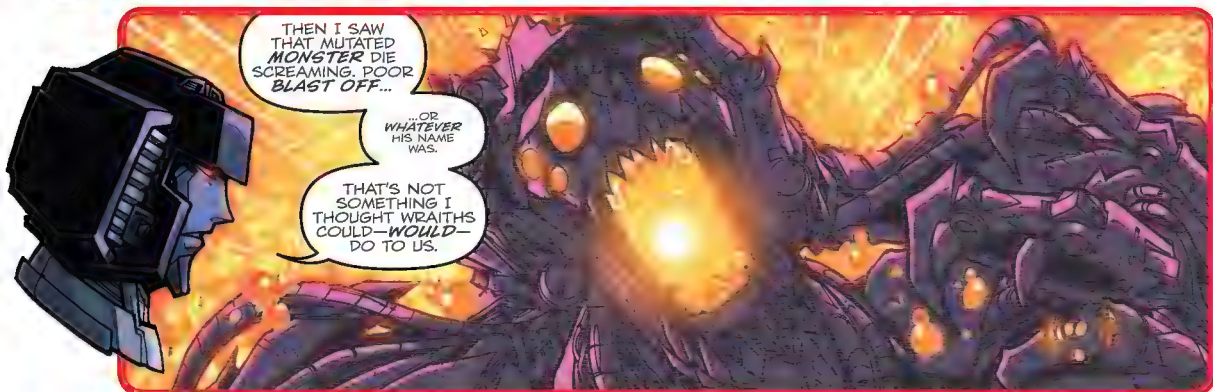
JUST STOP IT. I DON'T WANT AN ALLIANCE WITH YOU, STARScream. YOU'RE A TERRIBLE PERSON.



I GET IT—I REALLY DO. YOU'VE BEEN RAISED TO UNDERSTAND THE **WRAITH THREAT** SINCE YOU WERE A PROTOFORM.

BUT ME... I JUST MET THEM. I THOUGHT, GEE, A **BIOLOGICAL TRANSFORMER**.

WE MUST HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON. YOU KNOW, PURSUIT OF JUSTICE, THAT KIND OF THING.



THEN I SAW THAT MUTATED MONSTER DIE SCREAMING. POOR BLAST OFF...

...OR WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS.

THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I THOUGHT WRAITHS COULD—~~WOULD~~—DO TO US.



AND NOW—I'M ASHAMED TO ADMIT—I'M **TERRIFIED**.

VEKTRAL—THAT'S THE WRAITH LEADER—WILL SURELY FIGURE OUT HOW TO OVERTAKE CYBERTRONIAN BODIES MORE EFFECTIVELY...



...CORRUPTING OUR SPARKS—

—THE CENTER OF OUR BEING, THE THING THAT MAKES US CYBERTRONIAN.



GET YOUR FINGER AWAY FROM ME.

WITH THE ENERCON CONVERTER, MY PEOPLE CAN PROBABLY **ESCAPE** TYRANNY.



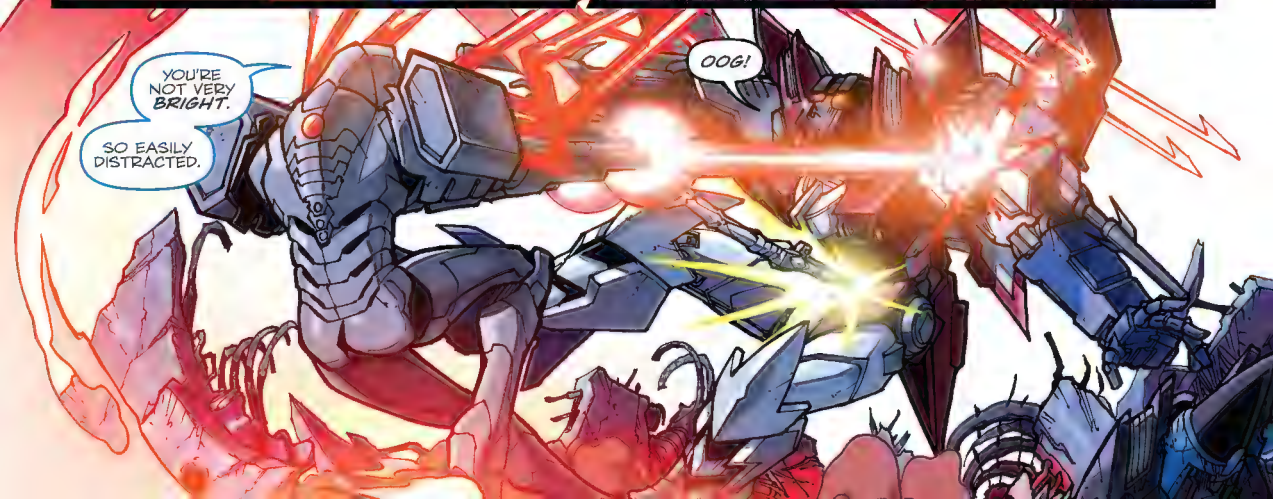
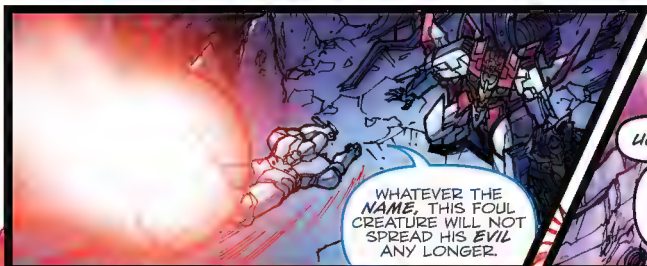
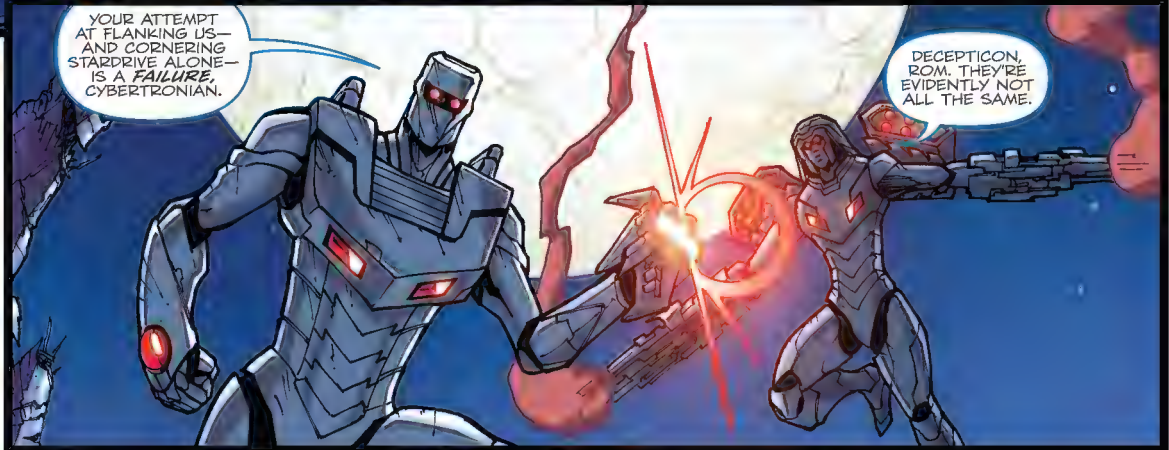
BUT WITH YOUR SOLSTAR KNIGHT ABILITIES, WE COULD **RID** THE GALAXY OF THE AUTOBOTS...

...AND THE WRAITHS.



SO, COME ON, STARDRIVE.

ONE STAR-PERSON TO ANOTHER... WHAT D'YOU SAY?





COME
HERE—MAKE
YOURSELF
USEFUL,
DIRGE.

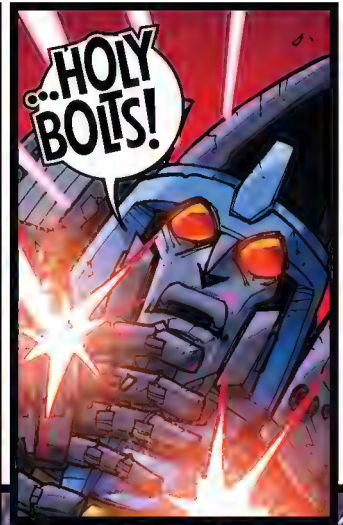
BUY ME A
MOMENT TO
FIGURE OUT
HOW TO GET
OUT OF
HERE.



NNNNH...

...WHA...

...WHA'S...



...**HOLY
BOILS!**



WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN',
BOSS?

RESCUING
YOU *AGAIN*.
NOW HOLD
ON.



STARSCREAM...

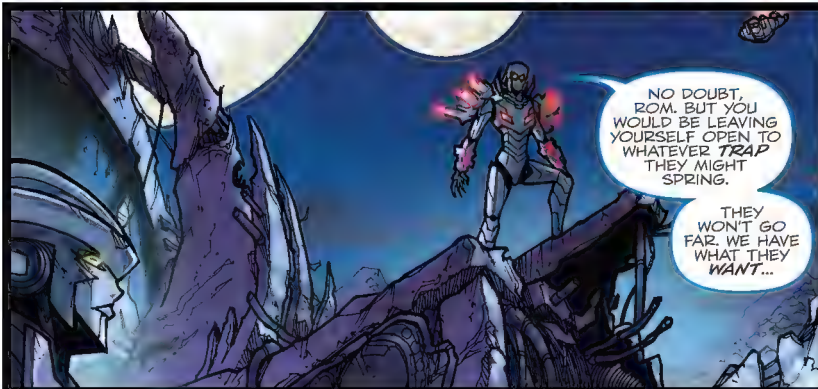
...WE HAD
A DEAL.



LET THE
CYBERTRONIANS
RUN!



I CAN
OVERTAKE
THEM,
LIVIA.

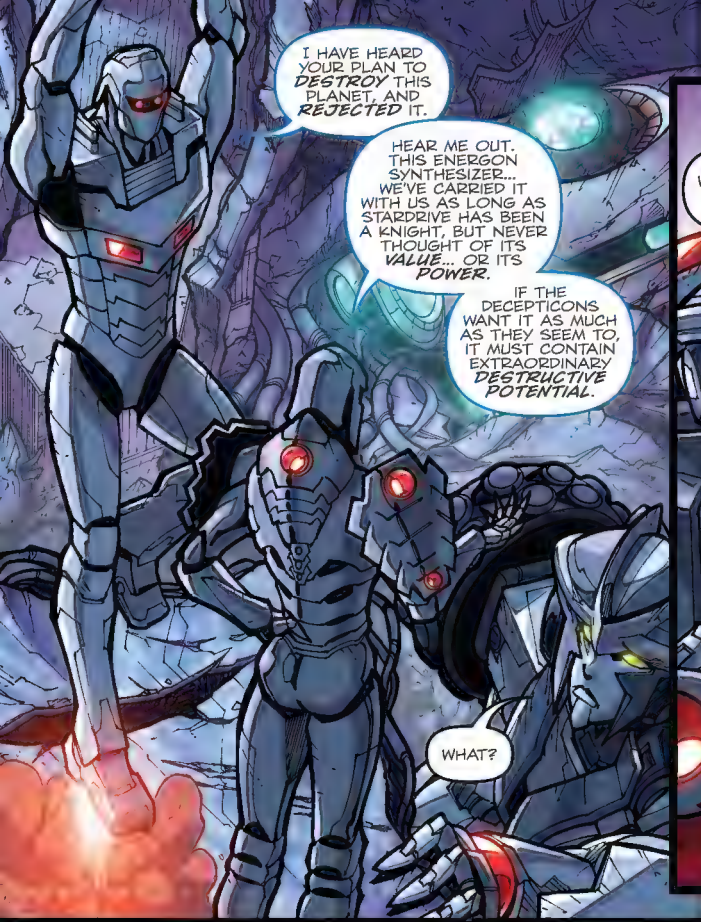


NO DOUBT,
ROM. BUT YOU
WOULD BE LEAVING
YOURSELF OPEN TO
WHATEVER *TRAP*
THEY MIGHT
SPRING.

THEY
WON'T GO
FAR. WE HAVE
WHAT THEY
WANT...



...AND I
HAVE A
PLAN.



I HAVE HEARD YOUR PLAN TO DESTROY THIS PLANET, AND REJECTED IT.

HEAR ME OUT, THIS ENERGEN SYNTHESIZER. WE'VE CARRIED IT WITH US AS LONG AS STARDRIVE HAS BEEN A KNIGHT, BUT NEVER THOUGHT OF ITS VALUE... OR ITS POWER.

IF THE DECEPTICONS WANT IT AS MUCH AS THEY SEEM TO, IT MUST CONTAIN EXTRAORDINARY DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL.

WHAT?



IT'S A DEVICE FOR SURVIVAL.

THEY WANT IT TO LIVE, NOT TO KILL.



DON'T BE NAÏVE.

IT IS DANGEROUS, IS IT NOT?

WELL, YEAH... BEFORE YOU, UH, SAVED ME, I THREATENED TO SHOOT IT TO KEEP IT FROM STARScream... BUT I WAS BLUFFING.

IF YOU REALLY BLEW OUT THE CAPACITORS... IT'D EXPLODE.



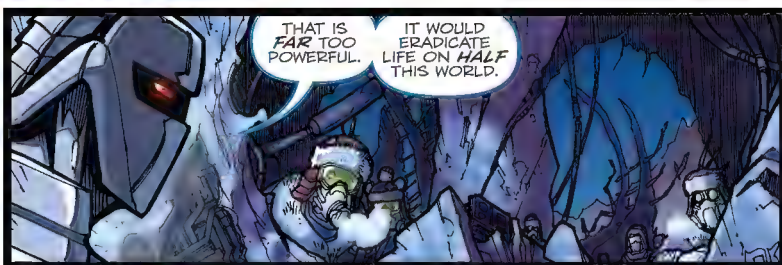
HOW BIG AN EXPLOSION?

VERY.

IT WEIGHS SIX AND A HALF TONS... IF YOU SET IT TO PROCESSING 18 SOLAR UNITS WORTH OF FUEL-ENERGEN, I MEAN... LET ME THINK...

...IT'D RELEASE ABOUT 2.27 TIMES TEN TO THE FORTY-FIRST MEGAJOULES OF ENERGY.

NO.



THAT IS FAR TOO POWERFUL.

IT WOULD ERADICATE LIFE ON HALF THIS WORLD.



PRESERVING THE OTHER HALF, AS YET UNINFECTED BY WRAITHS.

YOU DON'T WANT TO PURGE THE ENTIRE PLANET? THIS IS YOUR ALTERNATIVE. THE ONLY ONE.



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT THAT, LIVIA.

YOU'RE DOING EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAY CYBERTRONIANS DO.



CALM DOWN, STARDRIVE.

LIVIA IS CONSIDERING OPTIONS, NOT IMPLICATING YOUR PEOPLE'S CHARACTER.

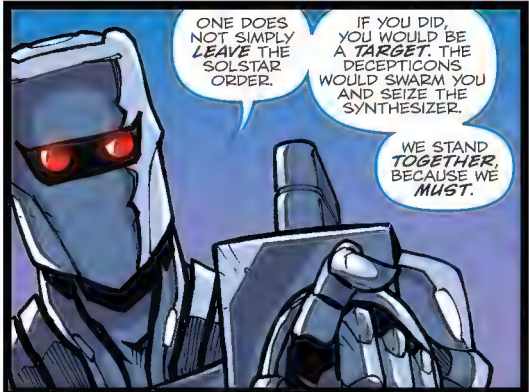


MY PEOPLE?!

UNTIL THIS MORNING, YOU WERE MY PEOPLE.

BUT *FINE*—I DON'T BELONG HERE. I *GET* IT.

I'M TAKING THE SYNTHESIZER WITH ME. AFTER ALL, I NEED IT TO SURVIVE.



ONE DOES NOT SIMPLY LEAVE THE SOLSTAR ORDER.

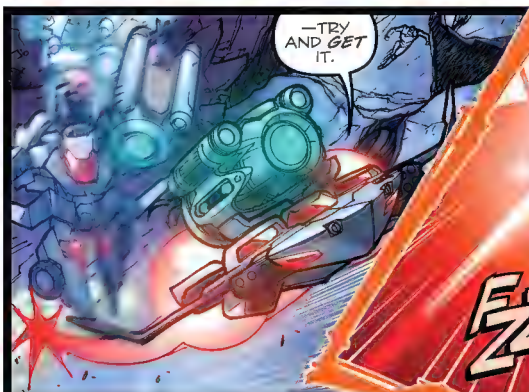
IF YOU DID, YOU WOULD BE A *TARGET*. THE DECEPTIONS WOULD SWARM YOU AND SEIZE THE SYNTHESIZER.

WE STAND TOGETHER, BECAUSE WE *MUST*.



AT LEAST THEY WON'T BLOW IT UP.

TELL YOU WHAT, ROM. IF YOU WANT IT—



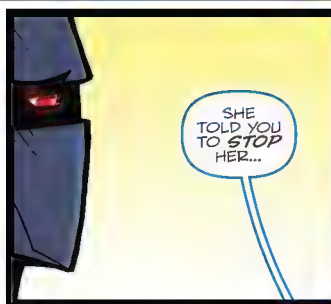
—TRY AND GET IT.



AGH!

LIVIA—SHE'S ONE OF US.

SHE MADE THIS HAPPEN, ROM.



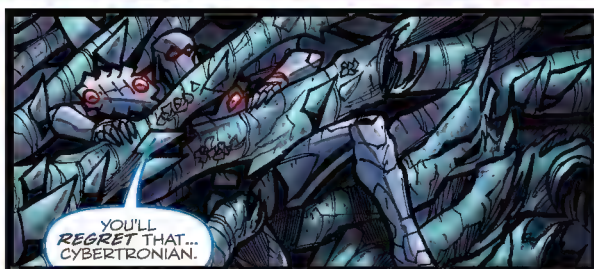
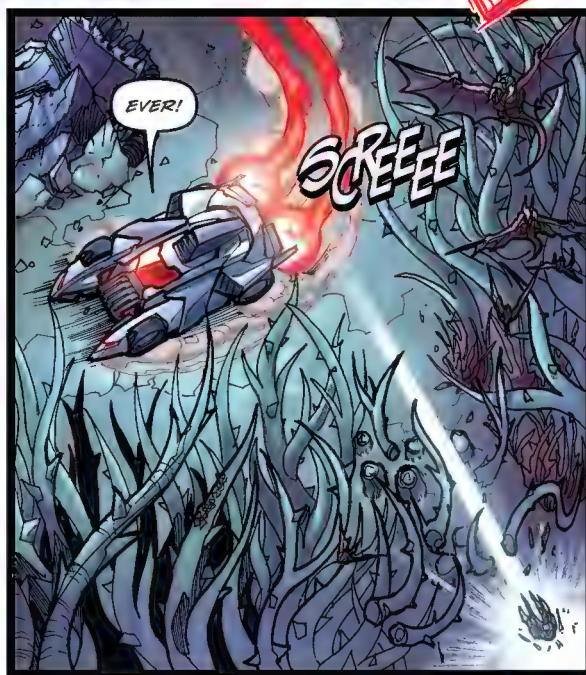
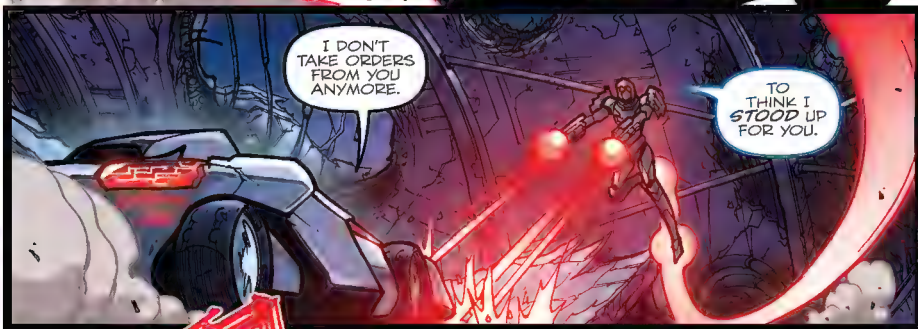
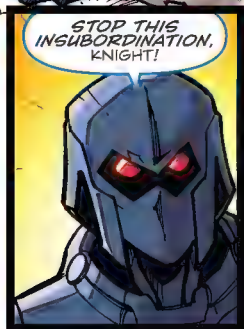
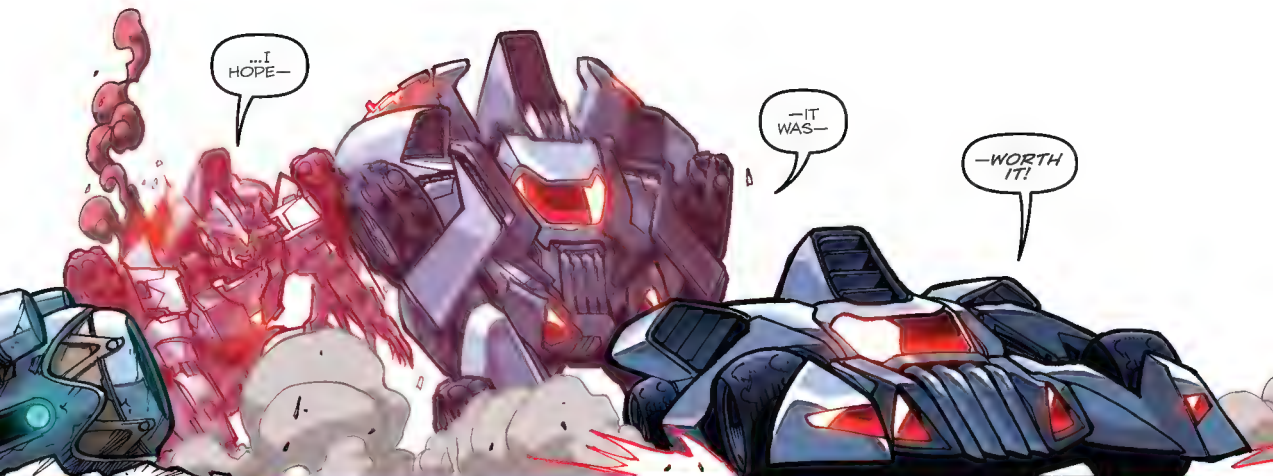
SHE TOLD YOU TO STOP HER...

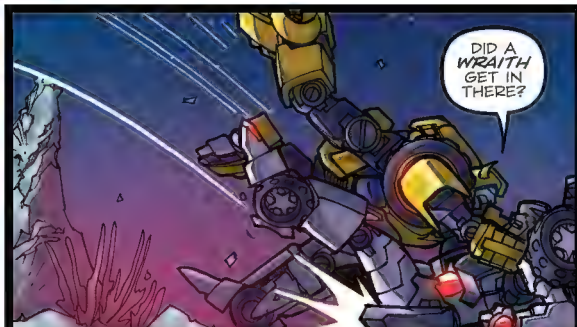
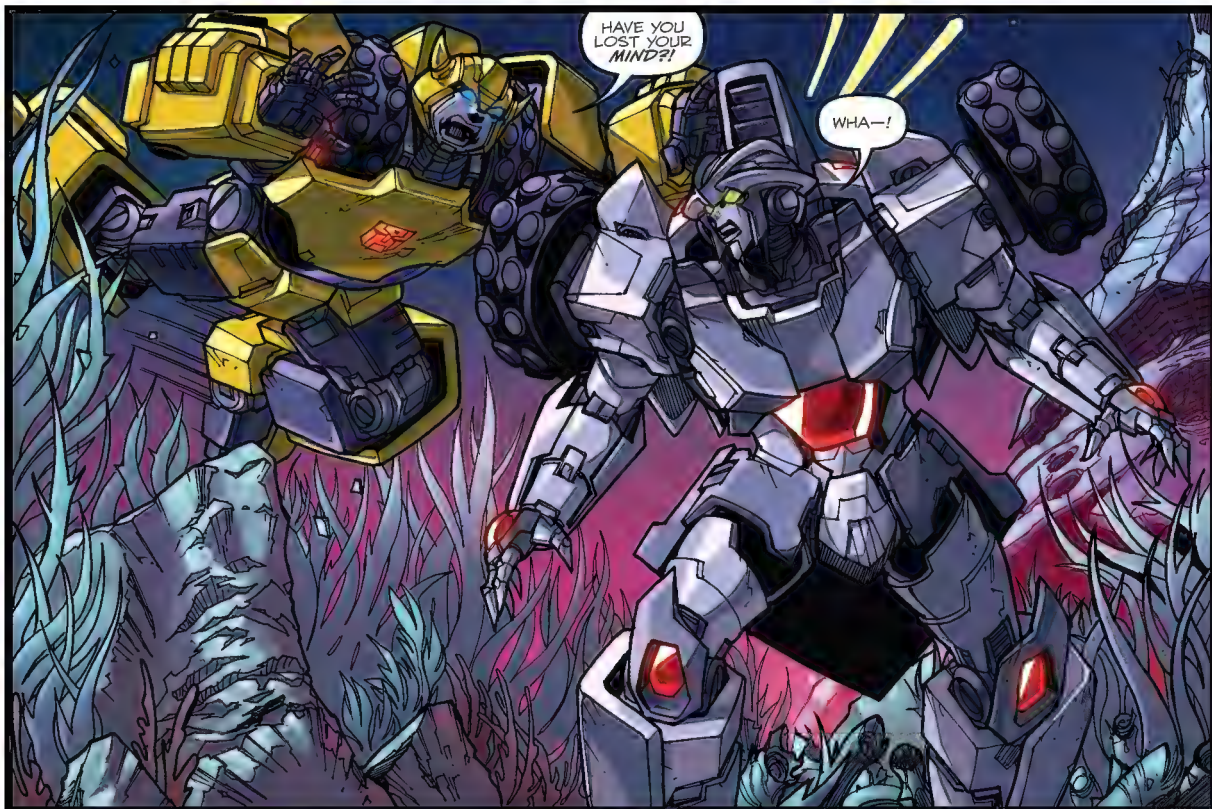


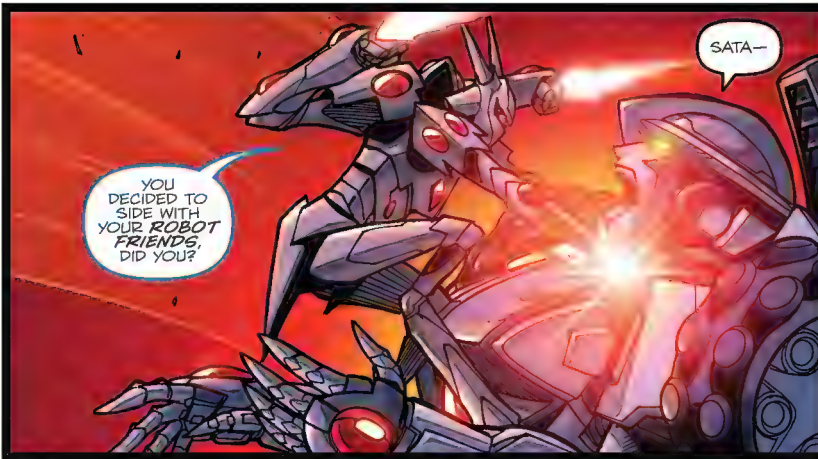
...BUT I KNEW THAT WAS *ONE* DEMAND YOU WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO COMPLY WITH.



YOU'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO TAKE THAT SHOT, LIVIA...







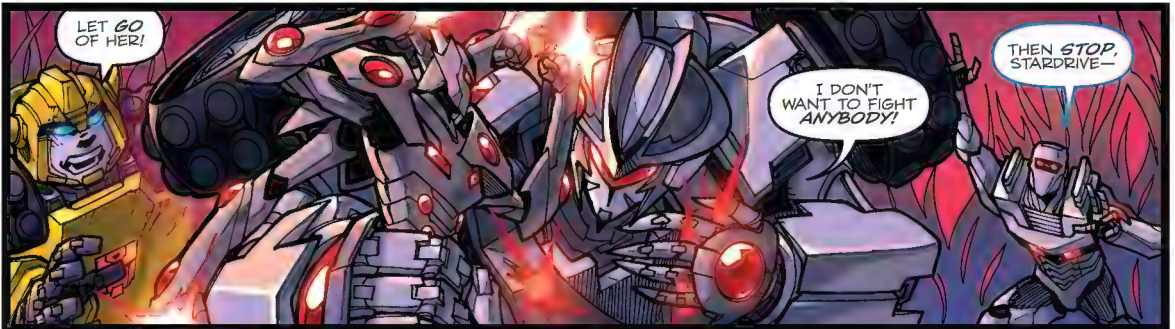
SATA—

YOU
DECIDED TO
SIDE WITH
YOUR **ROBOT**
FRIENDS.
DID YOU?



—DON'T
MAKE ME
FIGHT
YOU.

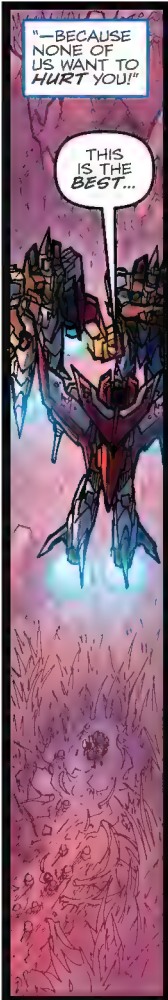
YOU
WON'T
WIN.



LET **GO**
OF HER!

THEN **STOP**,
STARDRIVE—

I DON'T
WANT TO **FIGHT**
ANYBODY!



"—BECAUSE
NONE OF
US WANT TO
HURT YOU!"

THIS
IS THE
BEST...



...WHEN YOUR
ENEMIES DO
ALL THE **WORK**
FOR YOU.

I THOUGHT
SHE'D BE A
PROBLEM IF SHE
GOT TO TALK TO
THE **AUTOBOTS...**



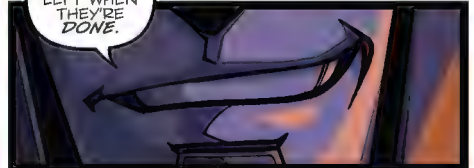
...BUT
IT LOOKS
LIKE IT'S ALL
GOING TO
WORK OUT.

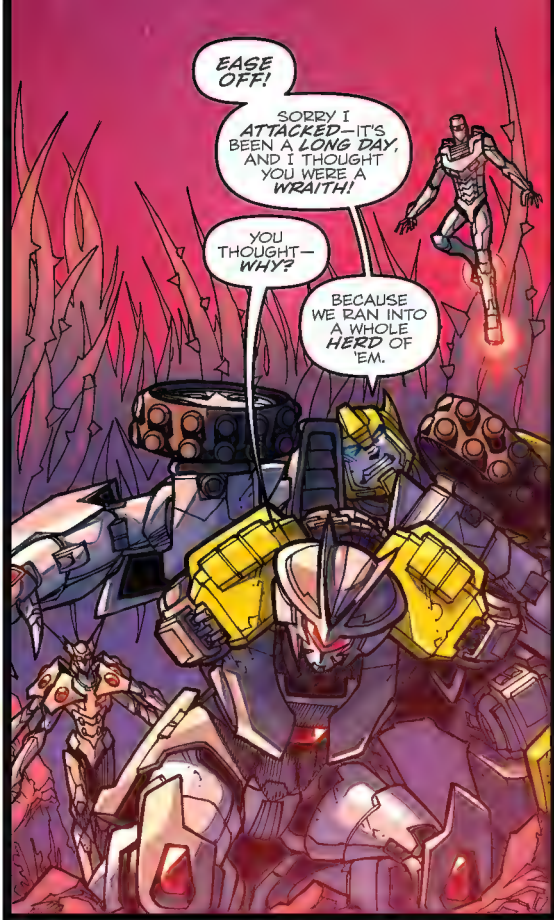


SHOULDN'T WE
JUST HIT 'EM
NOW, WHILE
THEY'RE
DISTRACTED?

RAMJET,
YOU DUNCE.
LET THEM
FIGHT.

WE'LL
COLLECT
WHATEVER'S
LEFT WHEN
THEY'RE
DONE.





EASE
OFF!

SORRY I
ATTACKED—IT'S
BEEN A LONG DAY,
AND I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A
WRAITH!

YOU
THOUGHT—
WHY?

BECAUSE
WE RAN INTO
A WHOLE
HERD OF
'EM.



MAGNUS PROBABLY
SACRIFICED HIS LIFE
SO THE REST OF US
COULD STOP THE
DECEPTICONS AND
THE WRAITHS.

AND I'M NOT
GONNA LET YOU
OR THE OTHER
KNIGHTS THROW
THAT AWAY BY
KILLING EACH
OTHER.



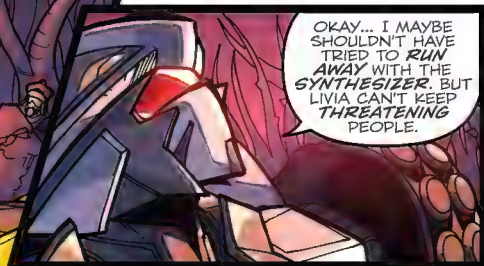
MAGNUS...
IS DEAD...?

HE LET
HIMSELF
DIE?

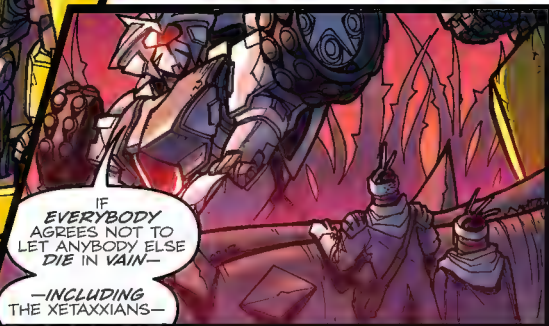


HE STAYED
BEHIND SO WE
COULD GET HERE
AND GET THE
SYNTHESIZER.

UH...
YOU DO
STILL HAVE
IT, RIGHT?



OKAY... I MAYBE
SHOULDN'T HAVE
TRIED TO RUN
AWAY WITH THE
SYNTHESIZER. BUT
LIVIA CAN'T KEEP
THREATENING
PEOPLE.



IF
EVERYBODY
AGREES NOT TO
LET ANYBODY ELSE
DIE IN VAIN—

—INCLUDING
THE XETAXIANS—

THE
SOLSTAR
AGENTS ON
THE SPACE
STATION... THE
XETAXIANS...

...AND
AUXIN...

...SO MANY
HAVE LOST
THEIR LIVES
ALREADY.



—I'M
WITH
YOU.

WE CAN
STOP THE
DECEPTICONS
AND THE
WRAITHS...
TOGETHER.



OH,
DISGUSTING.

THEY TALKED
IT OUT. I HATE
WHEN THAT
HAPPENS.

THEN LET'S GET
THEM! THEY'RE
TINY—AND WE'RE
DECEPTICONS!

THEY'RE
TOUGHER
THAN THEY LOOK.
IF STARScream
HADN'T SAVED
ME...

THOSE KNIGHTS ARE
JUST FLESHLINGS WITH
A CRUNCHY METAL
COATING.

ENOUGH,
BOYS.



VEKKTRAL
PROMISED DIRE
WRAITH BACKUP
THAT HASN'T
COME—

—AND I
DON'T LIKE
BEING LEFT
HOLDING THE
BAG.

I WANT THE
SYNTHESIZER,
BUT I DON'T WANT
TO HAVE TO BLAST
THROUGH SOMEBODY
ELSE'S ENEMIES
TO—



HEY... IS
THAT WHAT
I THINK
IT IS?

WHAT
DO YOU...

"...OH.

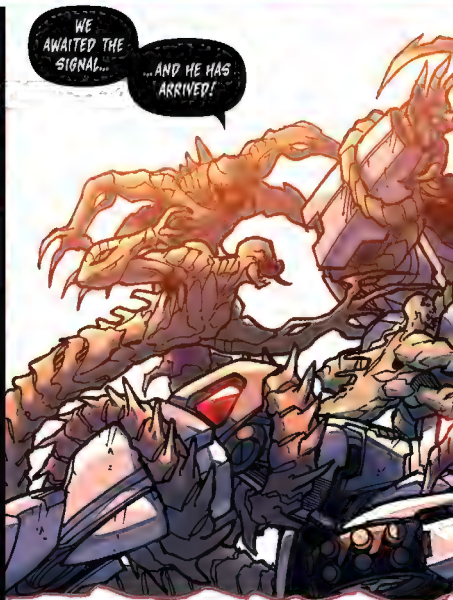
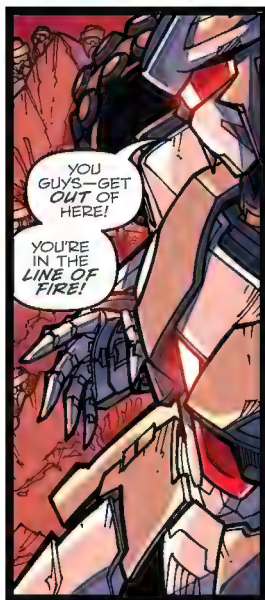
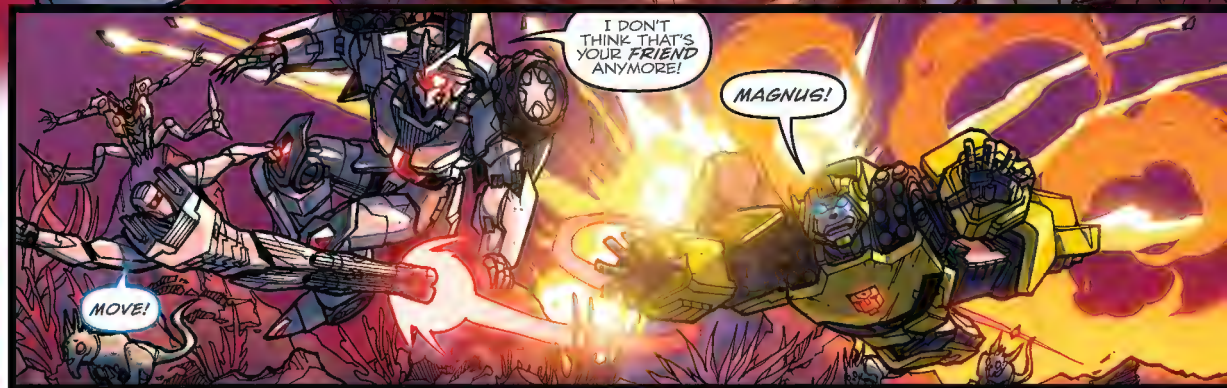
"THIS IS
WORSE
THAN I
THOUGHT."

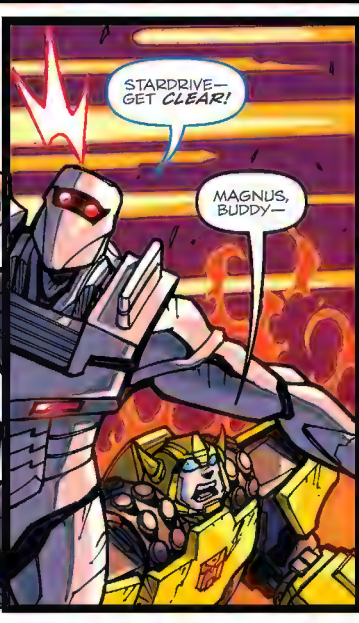
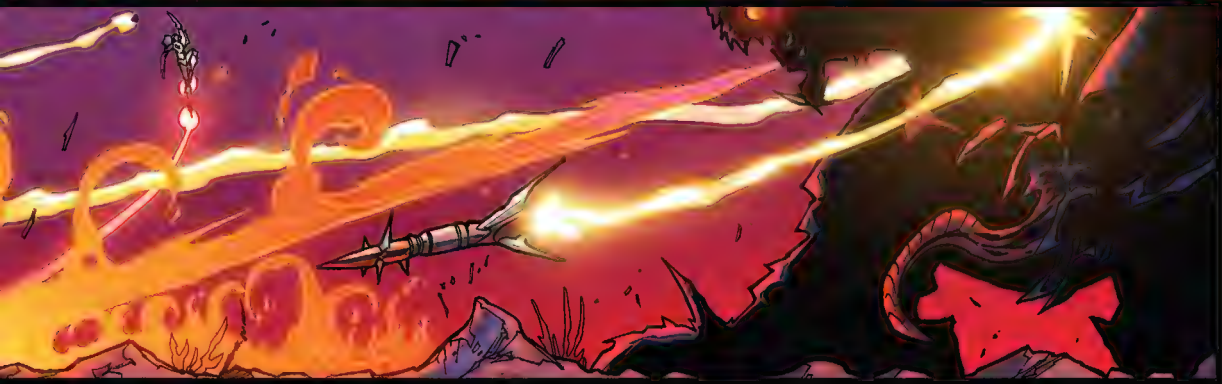
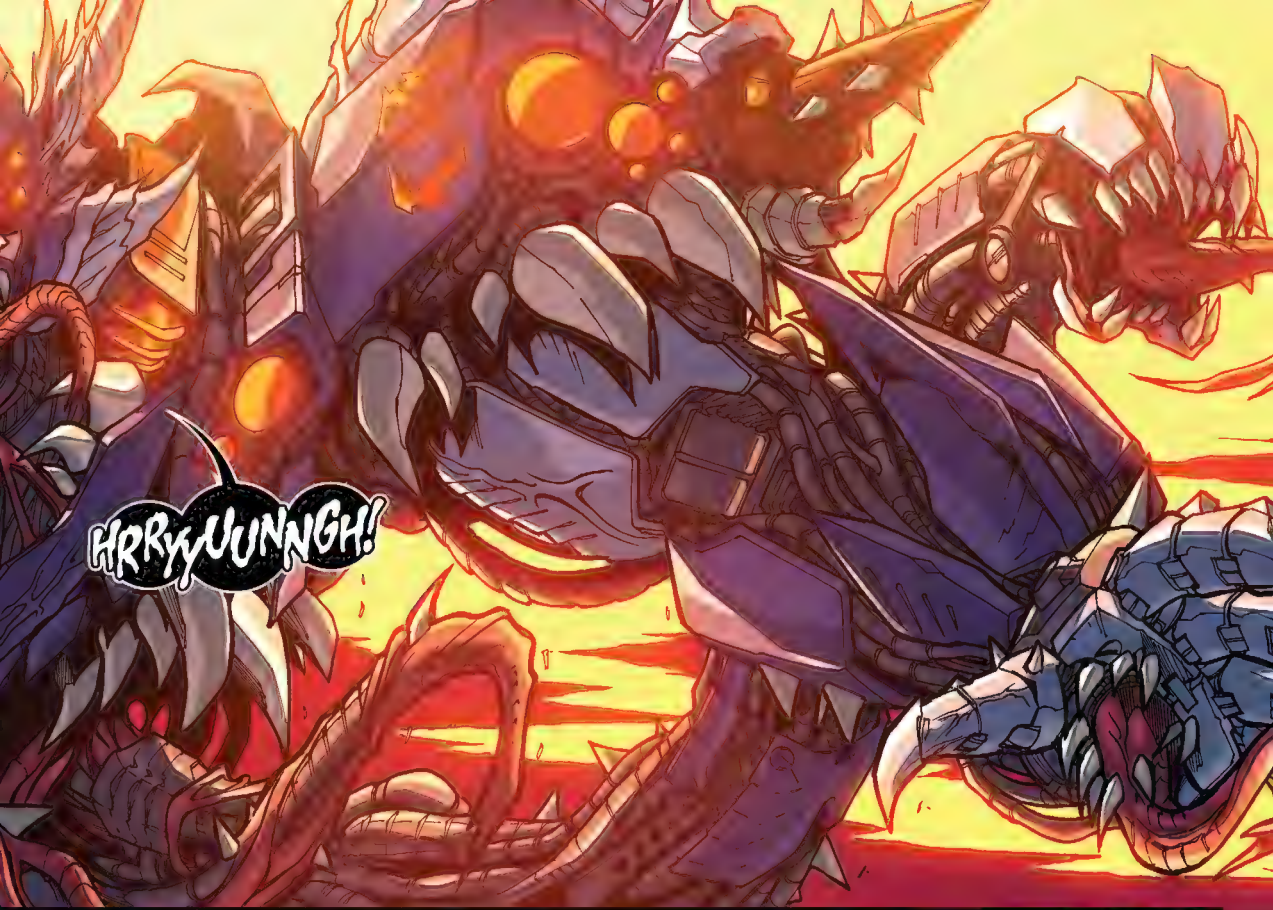


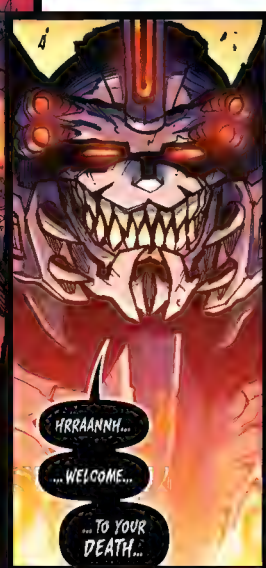
MAGNUS!

YOU DID
IT! YOU'RE
ALIVE!

I KNEW
THOSE
WRAITHS
DIDN'T STAND
A CHANCE!





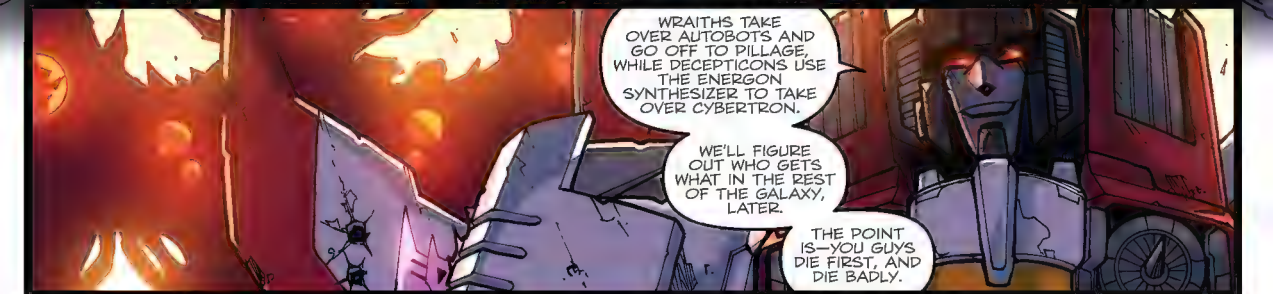




...AND TO THE
BIRTH OF A NEW
UNIVERSAL ORDER.

I NOW UNDERSTAND
HOW TO POSSESS YOUR
KIND... AND COMBINED WITH
CYBERTRONIAN BODIES, THE
POWER OF WRAITH MAGIC
IS LIMITLESS.

WE SHALL USE
CYBERTRONIANS TO
EXTEND OUR EMPIRE...TO
CONQUER THE GALACTIC
COUNCIL AND SOLSTAR
ORDER SPACE.



WRAITHS TAKE
OVER AUTOBOTS AND
GO OFF TO PILLAGE.
WHILE DECEPTICONS USE
THE ENERCON
SYNTHESIZER TO TAKE
OVER CYBERTRON.

WE'LL FIGURE
OUT WHO GETS
WHAT IN THE REST
OF THE GALAXY,
LATER.

THE POINT
IS--YOU GUYS
DIE FIRST, AND
DIE BADLY.



YESSSSS...

OKAY,
BIG GUY.
LET'S DO
THIS...

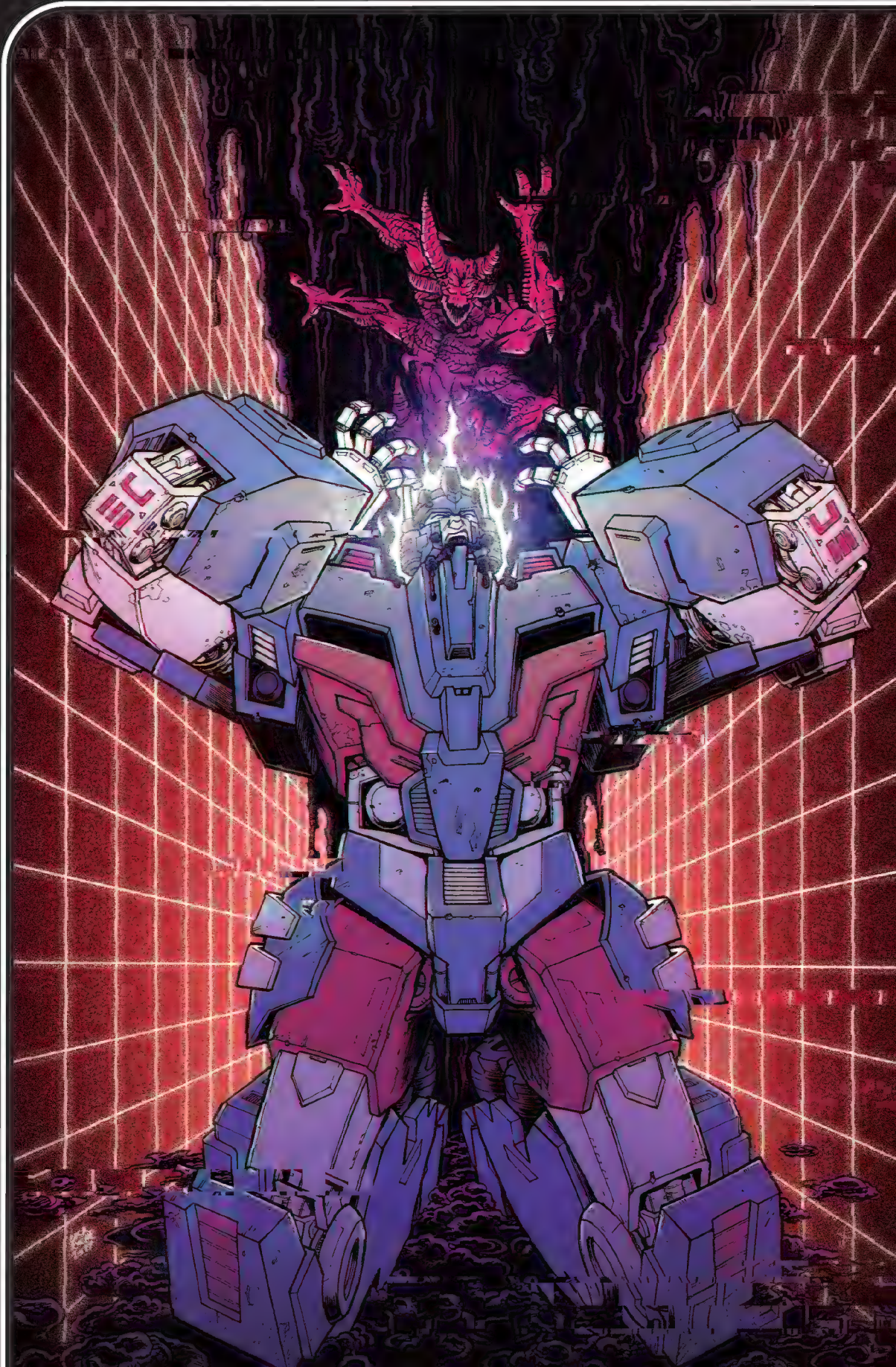


...WHO
WANTS TO
GO--

--UH--

--WAIT--







XETAXXIS.
THE EDGE OF SOLSTAR ORDER SPACE.

THEIR MINDS ARE MADE UP.

THE MACHINES HATE
THE BIOLOGICALS.

V-VEKKTRAL...
YOU IN THERE,
BUDDY?

L-LET'S
T-TALK
THIS OUT!



YOU ARE A MEANS TO
AN END, STARSCREAM—NO
MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE
AUTOBOT I INHABIT.

B-BUT WE
H-HAD A
DEAL...

I DON'T THINK
HE'S GONNA
HONOR THE
LETTER OF THE
AGREEMENT,
BOSS!

GET 'EM
OFFA ME!

STARSCREAM...
KILLED SO MANY
AUTOBOTS...

...HE
DESERVES
THIS.

...HE
DESERVES
THIS.

KILLING
HIM IS THE
RIGHT THING
TO DO, ULTRA
MAGNUS.

MAGNUS!
FIGHT THE
WRAITH!

WE
NEED
YOU!

PERHAPS NOW
YOU UNDERSTAND
THE GRAVITY OF
THIS SITUATION,
BUMBLEBEE.

I PRAY TO THE GODS
OF ELONIA
THAT IT IS
NOT TOO
LATE.

WHAT THEY
DON'T KNOW...

...IS WE'RE ALL
THE SAME.

HRMUNG!

AT ONE TIME,
THAT WOULD HAVE
HURT ME, ROM—

—PERHAPS EVEN
KILLED ME...

...BUT THINGS
CHANGE.

THROUGH
METAL AND
BIOLOGY—

—SCIENCE
AND MAGIC...

...THE DIRE WRAITHS
HAVE REACHED OUR NEXT
STAGE OF EVOLUTION!

GAH!
YOU'RE EVEN
WORSE THAN
MAGNUS.

THE SAME.
WHETHER
STEEL
COATED
IN SKIN...

...OR FLESH COVERED BY ARMOR.

THAT
WRAITH'S
GOING TO TAKE
OVER YOUR
FRIEND.

HE'S NOT
MY FRIEND,
SATA—

—AND
NEITHER
ARE YOU.

WHAT?!

LET
GO OF
ME!

EXTEND
YOUR BLADE
AS FAR AS
YOU CAN.

YOU'RE
KIDDING.

THIS IS NO
LAUGHING
MATTER.

I AM STARDRIVE.

SOLSTAR KNIGHT.

CYBERTRONIAN.

AND SICK TO DEATH OF
BOTH THOSE THINGS.



HURRAH!

THE REST
OF YOU—

—STOP THE
WRAITHS FROM
CREATING MORE
OF THESE
MONSTERS!

WUHH—?

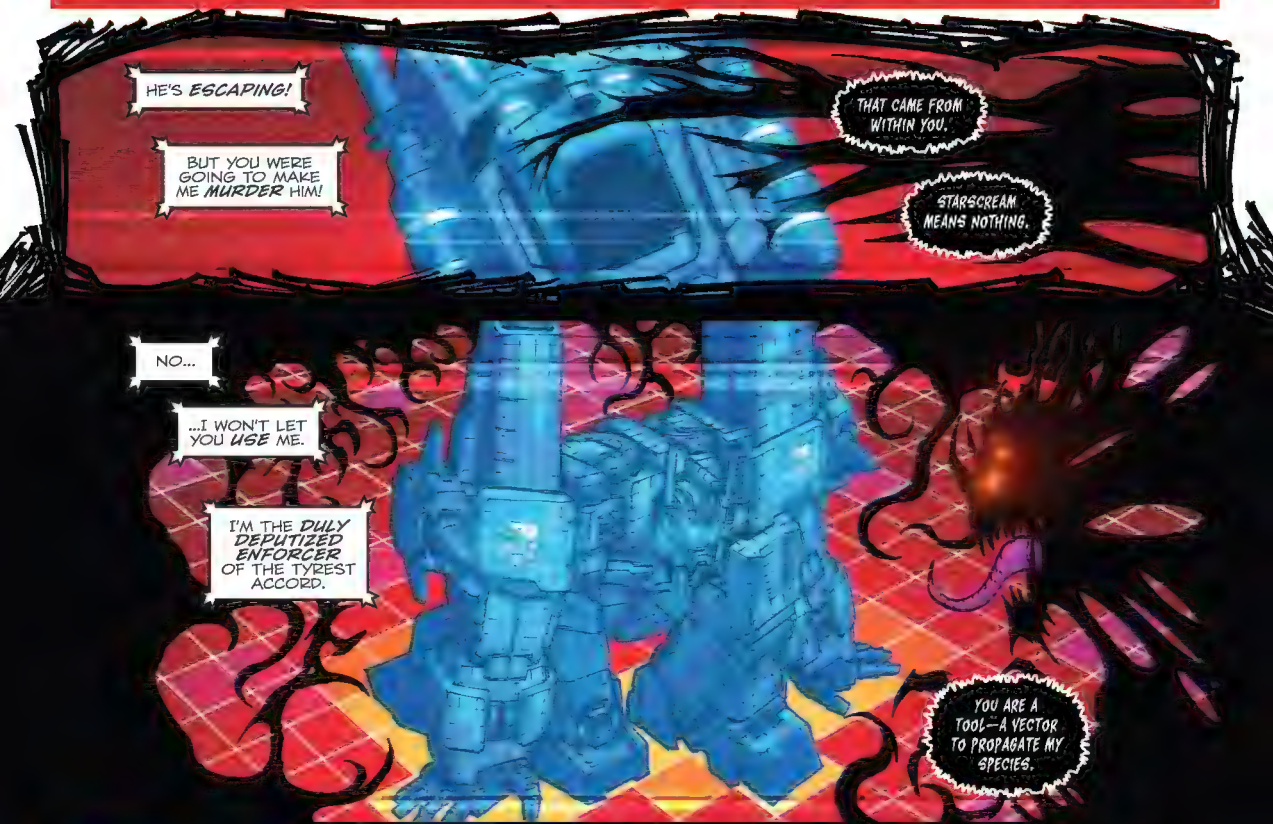


WELL...

...I GUESS
THAT LITTLE
ORGANIC-LOVER
WAS GOOD FOR
SOMETHING...



STARSCREAM



HE'S ESCAPING!

BUT YOU WERE
GOING TO MAKE
ME MURDER HIM!

THAT CAME FROM
WITHIN YOU.

STARSCREAM
MEANS NOTHING.

NO...

...I WON'T LET
YOU USE ME.

I'M THE DULY
DEPUTIZED
ENFORCER
OF THE TYREST
ACCORD.

YOU ARE A
TOOL—A VECTOR
TO PROPAGATE MY
SPECIES.

I SEEK JUSTICE.

I STAND FOR
ORDER.

THERE WILL
BE PERFECT
ORDER...

...WHEN
WRAITHS
CONTROL
ALL.



HEY, WRAITHS!

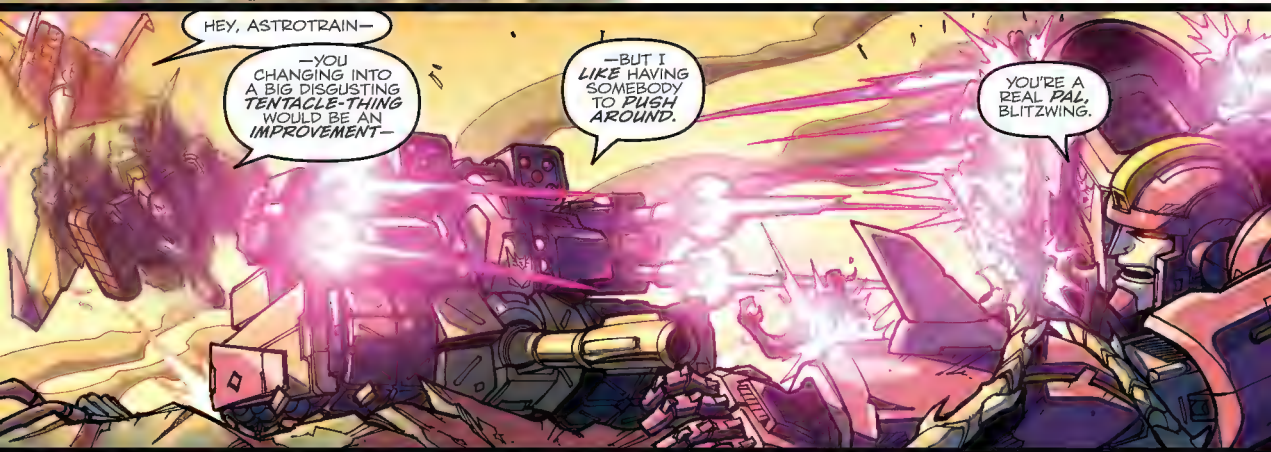
LEGO
OF THOSE
GUYS!

YOU DEFEND
YOUR OWN
MORTAL
ENEMIES...

...I AM
PLEASED YOUR
ROBOT BRAIN
CAN CALCULATE
THE DANGER
POSED HERE.

LOOK, LIVIA. I'M NO FAN
OF DECEPTICONS—

—BUT I'M NOT
ABOUT TO LET
ANYBODY ELSE
GET TURNED INTO
A MONSTER.

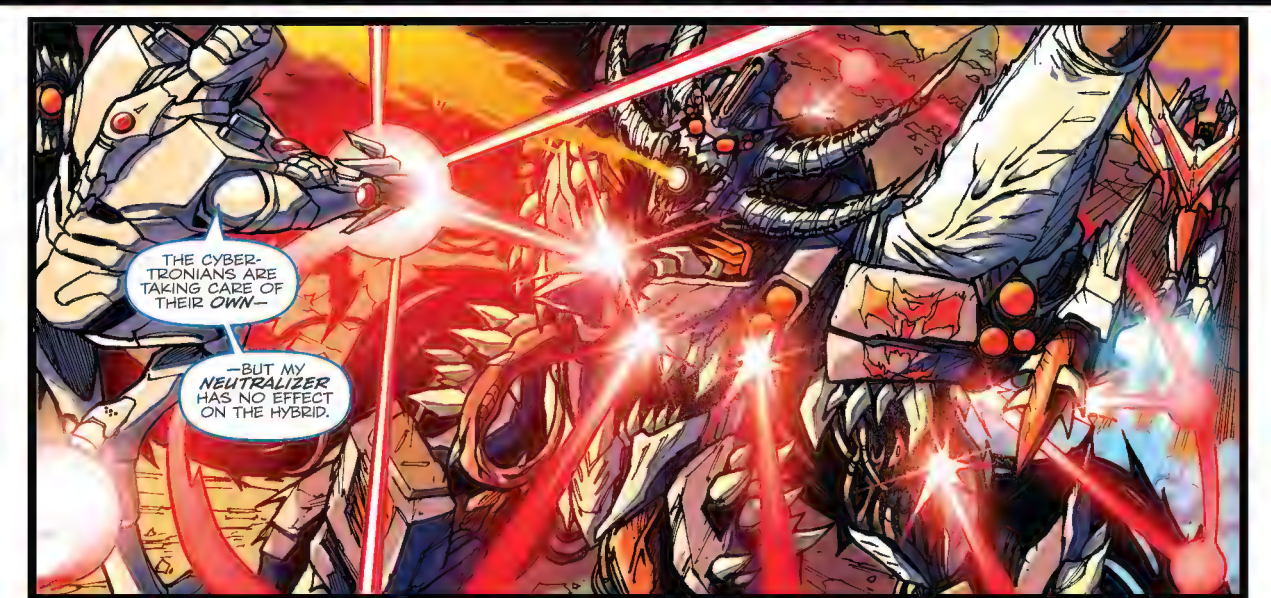


HEY, ASTROTRAIN—

—YOU
CHANGING INTO
A BIG DISGUSTING
TENTACLE-THING
WOULD BE AN
IMPROVEMENT—

—BUT I
LIKE HAVING
SOMEBODY
TO PUSH
AROUND.

YOU'RE A
REAL PAL,
BLITZWING.



THE CYBER-
TRONIANS ARE
TAKING CARE OF
THEIR OWN—

—BUT MY
NEUTRALIZER
HAS NO EFFECT
ON THE HYBRID.

THE WRAITH
IS ALTERED
BEYOND ANY-
THING WE'VE
EVER SEEN.

WE CAN'T
HOLD OUT
FOREVER.

THERE
MUST BE A
WEAKNESS.

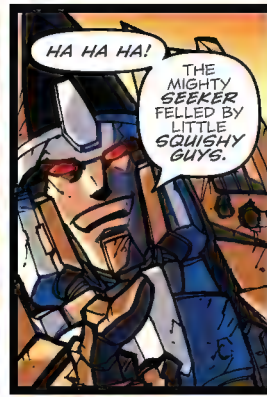
I
WONDER...

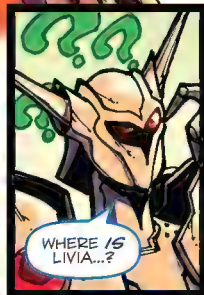
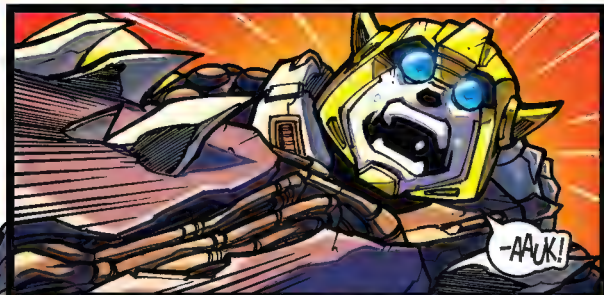
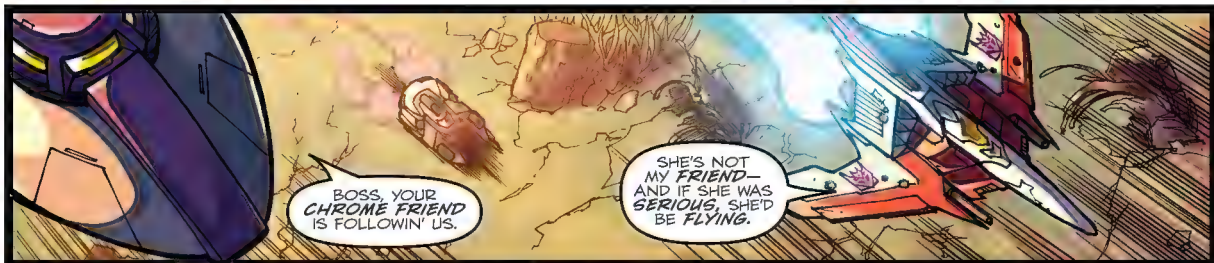
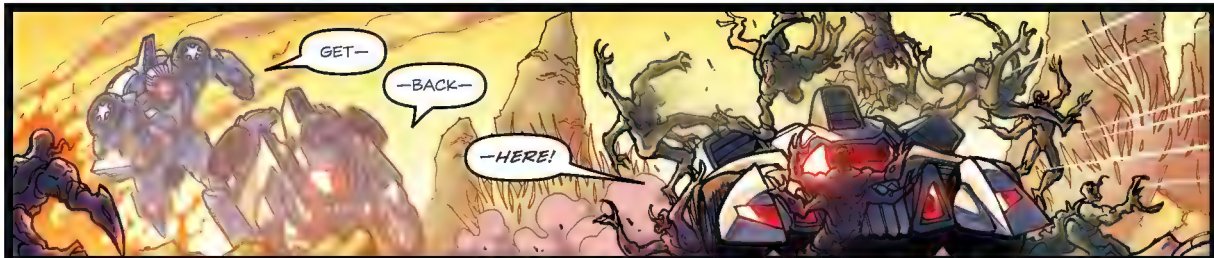
WHAT IS IT,
STARDRIVE?

STARSCREAM
MENTIONED THE
"SPARK"—IT'S LIKE
OUR HEART.

HE SAID IT'S
WHAT MAKES US
CYBERTRONIANS.

PERHAPS
THAT IS
A CHIP
IN THEIR
ARMOR.







STARSCREAM!

PUT DOWN
THE **ENERGON**
SYNTHESIZER.

TOOK YOU
LONG ENOUGH,
STARDRIVE.

YOU TAKE
THE **SCENIC**
ROUTE?



JUST—JUST
SHUT UP FOR
TWO MINUTES.

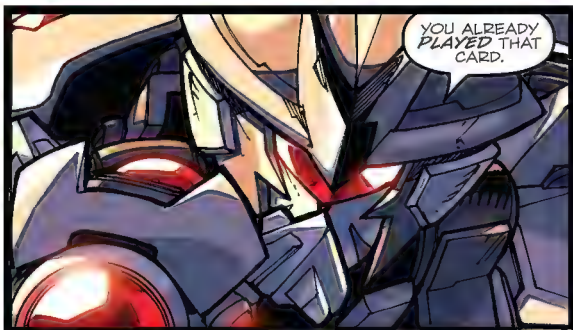
MY NEUTRALIZER
MAY BE DESIGNED
TO KILL **WRAITHS**,
BUT IT'LL DO JUST
FINE AGAINST YOU.



KILLING A **MACHINE**
WITHOUT **HESITATION**.
BACK TO YOUR **OLD**
WAYS ALREADY?

SAY...

...YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE ME IF
I SAID WE COULD
RULE THE GALAXY
TOGETHER,
WOULD YOU?



YOU ALREADY
PLAYED THAT
CARD.



I **DID**,
DIDN'T I!

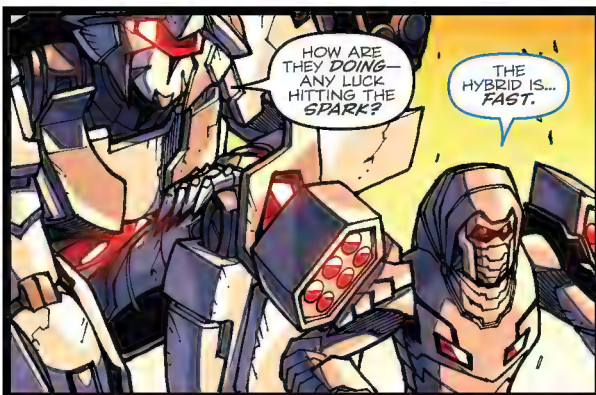
FZAT



GOOD THING
FOR ME I'M NOT
ALL TALK.



IT IS A
PITY TO KILL
AN **ODDITY**
LIKE YOU,
STARDRIVE.



BUMBLEBEE



Autobot
Bumblebee
Transformers
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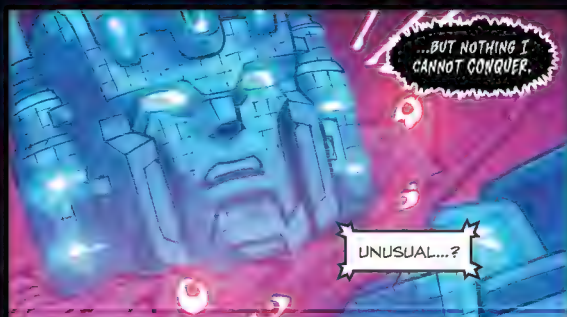
YOU HEAR THAT?

HE THINKS
I CAN
BEAT YOU.

I STUDIED THE
CORPSE OF YOUR
DEAD FRIEND—THE
ONE MY SOLDIER
OVERTOOK.

I KNOW YOUR
KIND INSIDE
AND OUT.

THERE IS
SOMETHING
UNUSUAL ABOUT
YOU CYBER-
TRONIANS...



...BUT NOTHING I
CANNOT CONQUER.

UNUSUAL...?



OF COURSE.



HERE'S ONE
THING YOU DON'T
KNOW—HOW AN
ULTRA MAGNUS
IS BUILT.

I'M NOT LIKE OTHER
CYBERTRONIANS.



WHAT—
HOW—?!

AND I'M NOT
JUST WORTHY
OF THE BADGE—



—THE BADGE
MAKES ME
WHAT I AM!



DOOOO
IIIIIT!

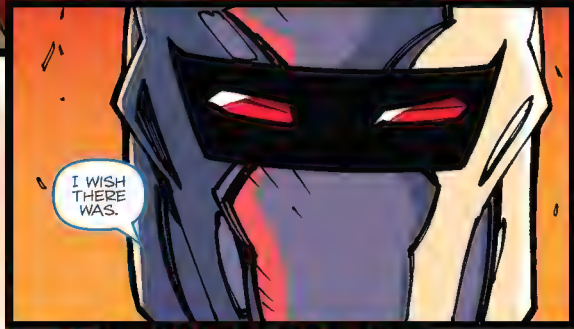
AT LAST—
THE OPENING
I'VE SOUGHT.



ROM—
DON'T!

THAT'S HIS
SPARK! IF YOU
KEEP SHOOTING,
YOU'LL KILL MAGNUS
ALONG WITH THE
WRAITH!

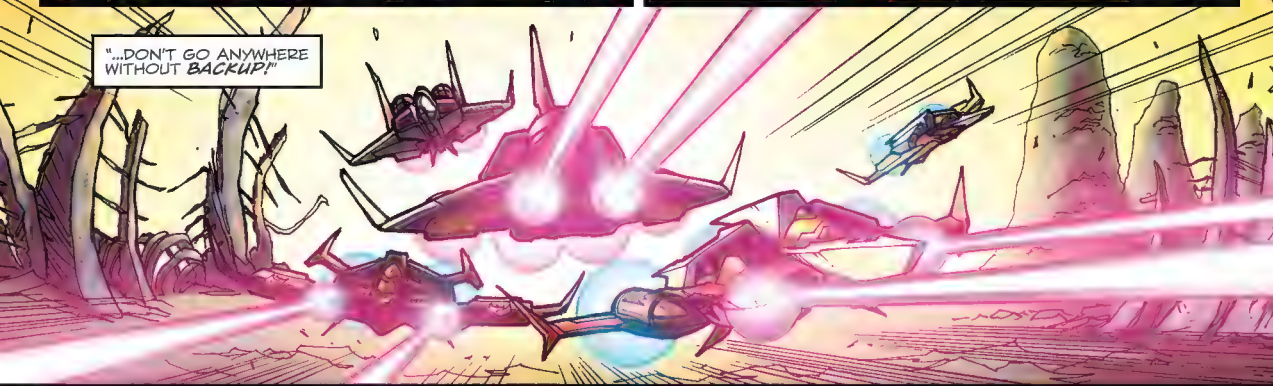
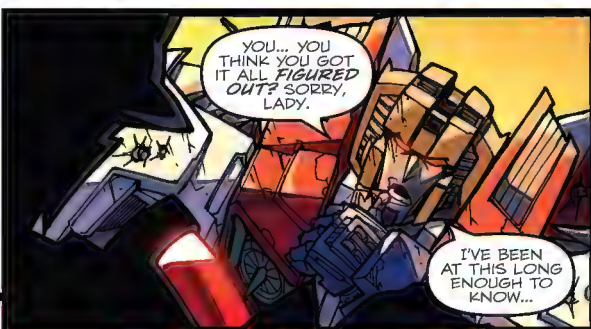
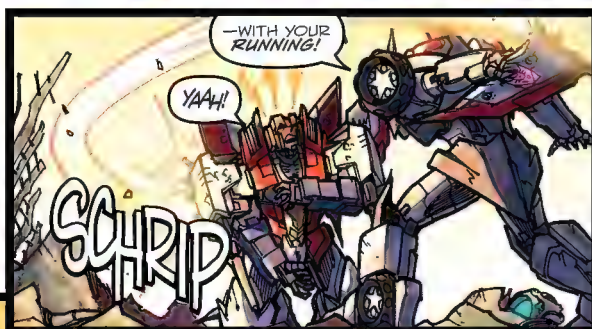
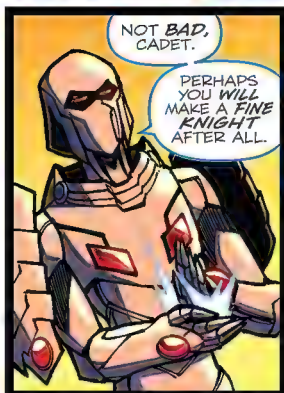
THERE
HAS TO BE
ANOTHER
WAY!

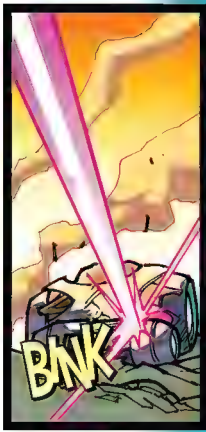


I WISH
THERE
WAS.



NOOOO!!!



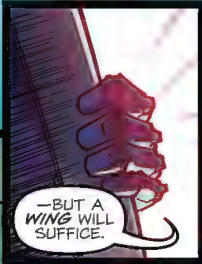


...BUT
NEITHER IS
ANYBODY
ELSE.

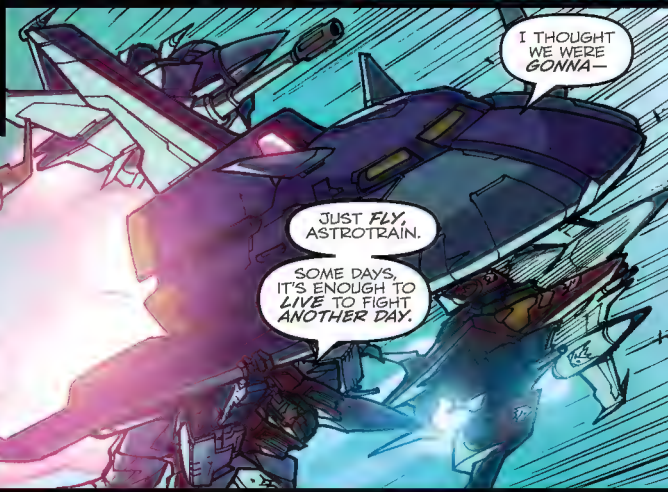
HA
HO
HO



I COULD
USE A
HAND—



—BUT A
WING WILL
SUFFICE.



I THOUGHT
WE WERE
GONNA—

JUST FLY,
ASTROTRAIN.

SOME DAYS,
IT'S ENOUGH TO
LIVE TO FIGHT
ANOTHER DAY.



IT'S A **MONSTROUS** ACT...

...DETONATING THE **SYNTHESIZER**,
THREATENING **MILLIONS** OF LIVES
TO COVER AN ESCAPE.

AND THE **CYBERTRONIANS**
ARE THE MONSTERS...
ONLY BECAUSE **THEY**
HAD THE CHANCE TO PULL
THE TRIGGER **FIRST**.



STILL, THERE ARE **FAILSAFES**—
TIME TO **POWER DOWN**
BEFORE THE **CAPACITORS**—

STOP.

LIVIA,
GET OUT
OF MY—

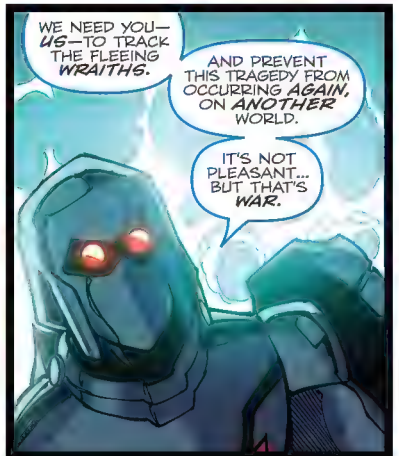
LOOK
AROUND...



...THESE
PEOPLE ARE
HOPELESSLY
INFECTED BY
WRAITHS.

THEY ARE
ALREADY **DEAD**,
STARDRIVE...

...AND THE
SOLSTAR
ORDER CAN'T
AFFORD TO LOSE **MORE**
KNIGHTS.



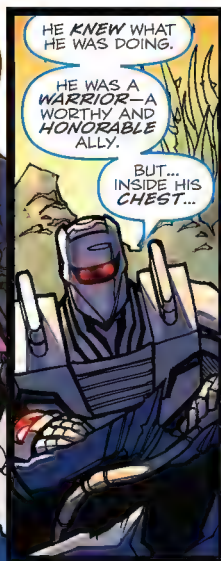
WE NEED YOU—
US—TO TRACK
THE FLEEING
WRAITHS.

AND PREVENT
THIS TRAGEDY FROM
OCCURRING AGAIN,
ON **ANOTHER**
WORLD.

IT'S NOT
PLEASANT...
BUT THAT'S
WAR.



HE'S DEAD.



HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.

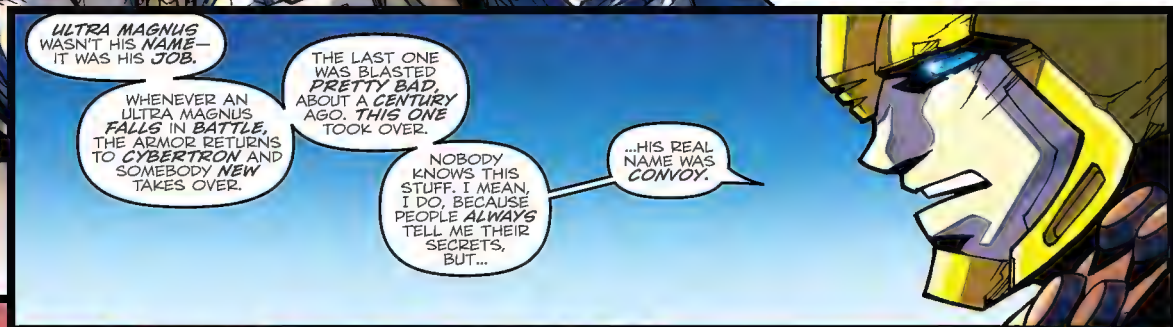
HE WAS A **WARRIOR**—A WORTHY AND **HONORABLE** ALLY.

BUT... INSIDE HIS **CHEST**...



...WHAT IS THAT?

ANOTHER BODY?



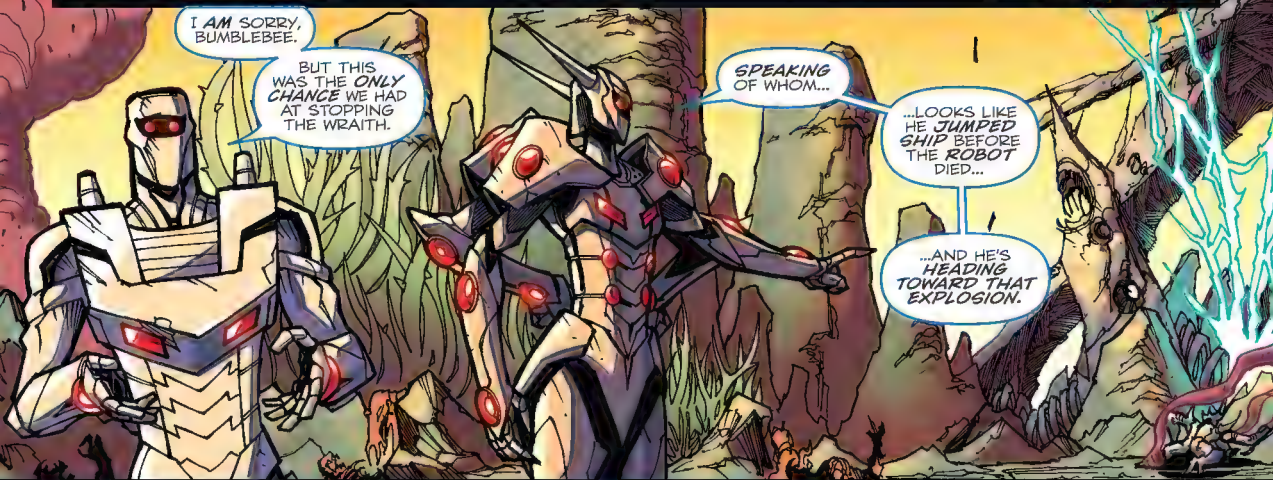
ULTRA MAGNUS WASN'T HIS NAME—IT WAS HIS **JOB**.

WHenever an **ULTRA MAGNUS** FALLS IN BATTLE, THE ARMOR RETURNS TO **CYBERTRON** AND SOMEBODY NEW TAKES OVER.

THE LAST ONE WAS BLASTED **PRETTY BAD** ABOUT A **CENTURY** AGO. **THIS ONE** TOOK OVER.

NOBODY KNOWS THIS STUFF. I MEAN, I DO, BECAUSE PEOPLE ALWAYS TELL ME THEIR SECRETS, BUT...

...HIS REAL NAME WAS **CONVOY**.



I AM SORRY, BUMBLEBEE.

BUT THIS WAS THE **ONLY CHANCE** WE HAD AT STOPPING THE **WRAITH**.

SPEAKING OF WHOM...

...LOOKS LIKE HE **JUMPED SHIP** BEFORE THE **ROBOT** DIED...

...AND HE'S **HEADING TOWARD** THAT **EXPLOSION**.



LIVIA! WE DON'T HAVE TO LET THEM **DIE**!

THE **WRAITHS** KILLED THEM, NOT US.

NO—THE **WRAITHS** ONLY CAME HERE **BECAUSE** OF US!

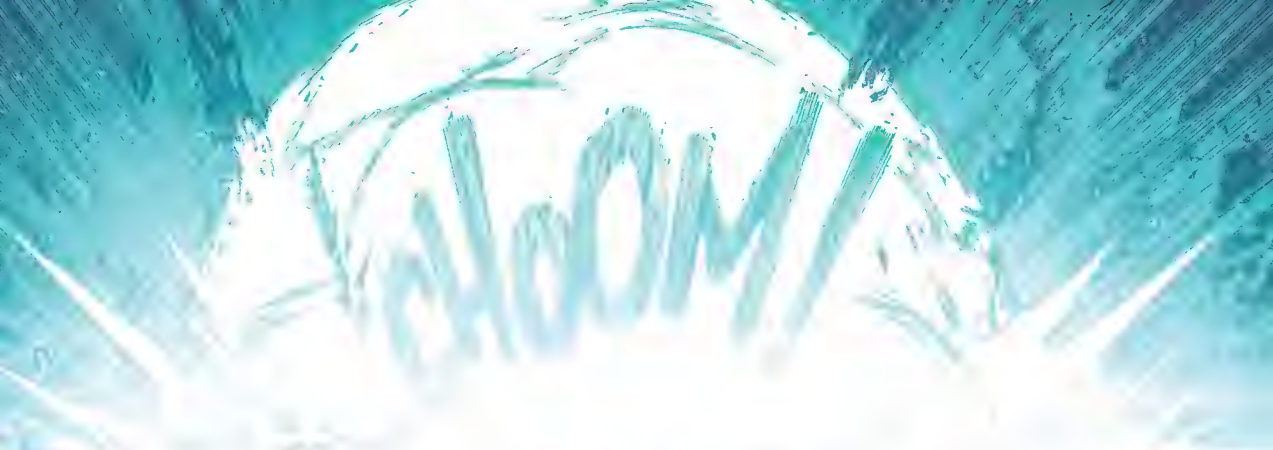


BECAUSE OF YOU!

YOU WERE THE KEY TO OUR **ASCENDANCY**—

—AND NOW YOU'VE **DOOMED** US ALL.

A **DOOM** I WILL ENSURE YOU **SHARE**!



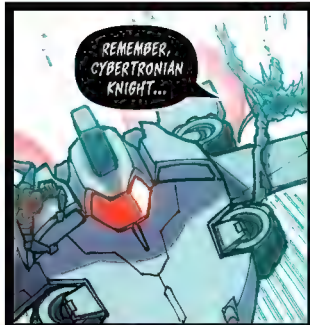
IF I'D HAD TIME TO *THINK*...



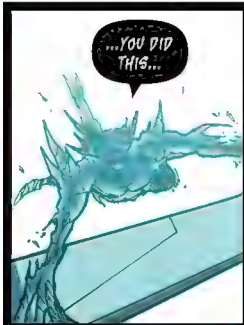
...I'D HAVE LET IT *FINISH* ME.



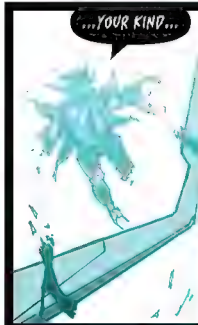
IF I'D HAD TIME TO THINK.



REMEMBER, CYBERTRONIAN KNIGHT...



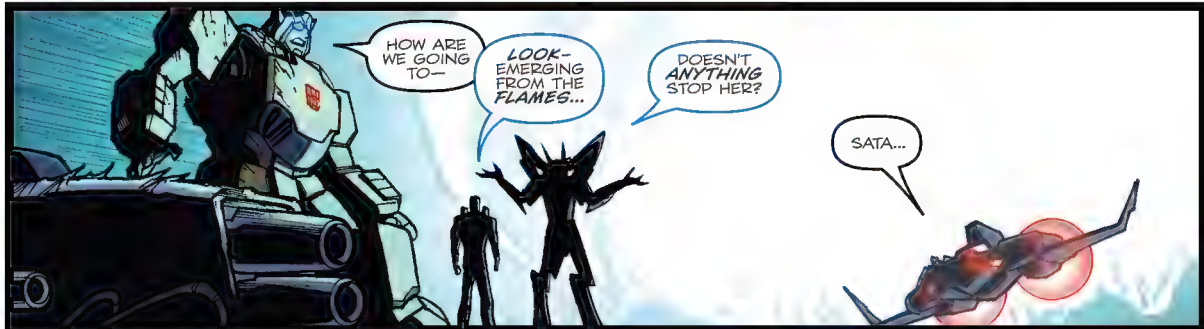
...YOU DID THIS...



...YOUR KIND...



...BOTH OF Y-



HOW ARE WE GOING TO—

LOOK-EMERGING FROM THE FLAMES...

DOESN'T ANYTHING STOP HER?

SATA...



"...NOT NOW."



NOT EVERY XETAXXIAN ON THIS HEMISPHERE HAD BEEN INFECTED BY WRAITHS.



BUT THE BLAST DID NOT DISCRIMINATE...



...BETWEEN THE *GUILTY* AND THE *INNOCENT*.

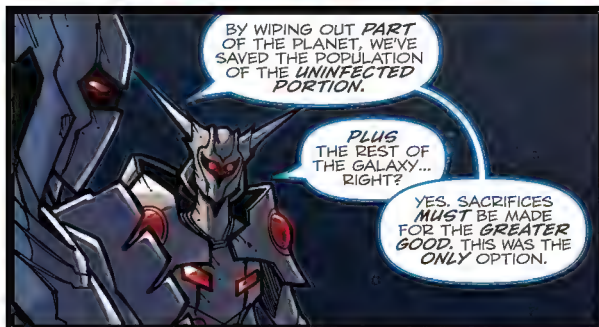


THAT'S IT.

WOW, I'VE NEVER SEEN *THAT* BEFORE.

ENOUGH.

LET HER *TALK*, LIVIA. YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED.



BY WIPING OUT *PART* OF THE PLANET, WE'VE SAVED THE POPULATION OF THE *UNINFECTED* PORTION.

PLUS THE REST OF THE GALAXY... RIGHT?

YES. SACRIFICES *MUST* BE MADE FOR THE *GREATER* GOOD. THIS WAS THE *ONLY* OPTION.



PERHAPS. BUT NONETHELESS, WE *FAILED*.

AND IF, EVERY TIME WE FAIL, WE CONVINCE OURSELVES THERE WAS *NO OTHER* OPTION...

...OUTCOMES SUCH AS THESE WILL BECOME *COMMON*. WE WILL BE NO BETTER THAN THE *WRAITHS*.



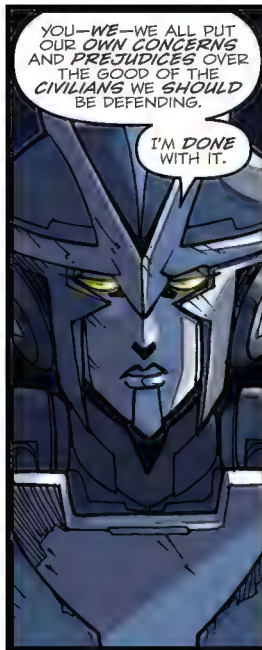
I DIDN'T WANT THIS TO HAPPEN *EITHER*, STARDRIVE.

WE WERE JUST TRYING TO *HELP*.



HELP *WHO*?

CYBERTRONIANS AND KNIGHTS FIGHT WITHOUT REGARD FOR THE PEOPLE IN THEIR WAY.



YOU—WE—WE ALL PUT OUR *OWN* CONCERNS AND *PREJUDICES* OVER THE GOOD OF THE *CIVILIANS* WE *SHOULD* BE DEFENDING.

I'M *DONE* WITH IT.



STARDRIVE—I FEEL AS *YOU* DO.

YET THERE IS NO *QUITTING* THE SOLSTAR ORDER. OUR ARMOR IS OUR *IDENTITY*—IT *CANNOT* BE SHED.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO *REMIN*D YOU, ROM—



—I'M
NOT ONE
OF YOU.



THIS ARMOR...



...IF IT'S SO
IMPORTANT...



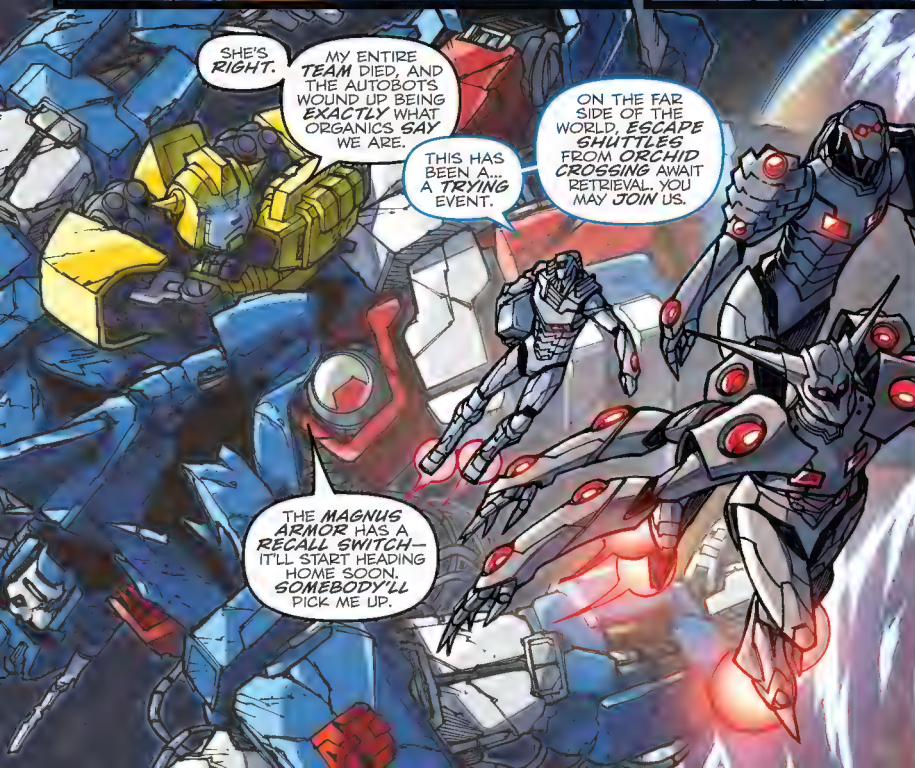
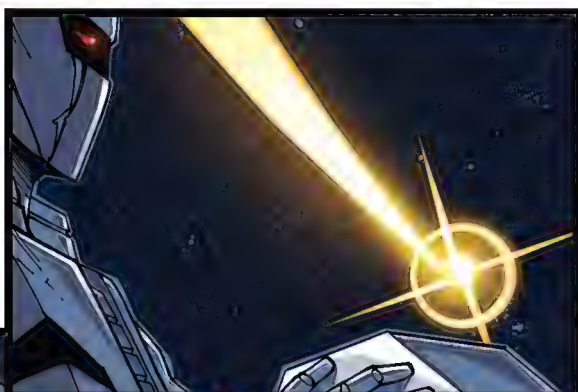
...WHY
DON'T YOU
KEEP IT.

STARDRIVE,
I—I KNOW
NOT WHAT
TO SAY.



IT'S
FINE,
ROM.

THERE
ISN'T
ANYTHING
TO SAY.



SHE'S
RIGHT.

MY ENTIRE
TEAM DIED, AND
THE AUTOBOTS
WOUND UP BEING
EXACTLY WHAT
ORGANICS SAY
WE ARE.

THIS HAS
BEEN A...
A TRYING
EVENT.

ON THE FAR
SIDE OF THE
WORLD, *ESCAPE*
SHUTTLES
FROM ORCHID
CROSSING AWAIT
RETRIEVAL. YOU
MAY JOIN US.

THE MAGNUS
ARMOR HAS A
RECALL SWITCH—
IT'LL START HEADING
HOME SOON.
SOMEBODY'LL
PICK ME UP.

THEN THIS
IS *GOODBYE*
FOREVER,
CYBERTRONIAN.

FOR THE
GOOD OF THE
UNIVERSE, MAY
OUR KIND *NEVER*
MEET AGAIN.



EPILOGUE ONE: THE DECEPTICONS.

WE WERE
LUCKY TO
ESCAPE WITH
OUR LIVES,
MY LORD...

...PARTICULARLY
IMPORTANT GIVEN
THE INFORMATION
WE HAVE TO
SHARE.

THESE
DIRE WRAITHS
ARE FAR TOO
TREACHEROUS
A RACE TO BE
ALLIES—

—AND THEIR
POWER TO INFECT
NORMAL PEOPLE
WITH THE CONTAGION
OF ORGANIC LIFE IS...
AN UNACCEPTABLE
RISK.

STARSCREAM...

...JUST
WHEN I CAME
TO BELIEVE YOU
HAD EXHAUSTED
ALL MEANS OF
DISAPPOINTING
ME...

...YOU FIND
ANOTHER WAY
TO FAIL.

EPILOGUE TWO: THE DIRE WRAITHS.

NONE OF OUR
KIN SURVIVED THE
EXPLOSION...

...BUT THIS
MAGICAL PROJECTION
SHOWS THE FAILURE OF
THE ONE WHO CALLED
HIMSELF VEKTRAL.

HIS PRIDE—HIS
"SCIENCE"—

—WAS A
DISASTER.

OUR COURSE IS
CLEAR... WRAITHS
MUST RELY ONLY
UPON OUR SACRED
MAGIC—

—AND NOT
PURSUE BLASPHEMOUS
ABOMINATIONS... LIKE
TECHNOLOGY.

EPILOGUE THREE: THE AUTOBOTS!

THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE TRAGIC, SIR...

...BUT ULTRA MAGNUS DIED A HERO.

IT'S JUST THAT—DESPITE EVERYTHING HE AND SKY BLAST SACRIFICED... THE DECEPTICONS STILL DESTROYED ANOTHER CIVILIZATION.

MAGNUS... CONVOY... WAS A HERO.

IT IS FORTUNATE THAT HIS PRE-DECESSOR HAS AGREED TO RETURN, AND WILL RECLAIM THE MANTLE OF ULTRA MAGNUS IN A MATTER OF DAYS.

BECAUSE THIS DEMONSTRATES THE NEED FOR VIGILANCE.

EVEN WITH THE BEST EFFORTS OF YOU AND YOUR TEAM, THE DECEPTICONS DESTROYED SO MUCH...

...AND THAT, OLD FRIEND...

...IS WHY WE CONTINUE TO FIGHT THEM.

WE FIGHT...

...THEY FIGHT...

...WE'LL NEVER STOP...

...AND THEY...

...THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS.

GOODBYE, MAGNUS. IT'LL BE WEIRD HAVING THE OLD GUY BACK.

MAYBE HE'S GROWN A SENSE OF HUMOR.

BUT CONVOY, BUDDY... WE WENT THROUGH A LOT.

I DIDN'T TELL OPTIMUS OR ANYBODY ABOUT THE SYNTHESIZER.

IF ANY CYBERTRONIAN KNEW ABOUT IT...

...WE'D PROBABLY PROVE THE SOLSTAR KNIGHTS WERE RIGHT ABOUT US.

EPILOGUE FOUR: THE SOLSTAR ORDER.

OUR ENVOYS—
AS WELL AS 48%
OF A PLANET—

—WERE
OBLITERATED.

THIS WAS THE
WRAITH'S DOING.
AS WELL AS THE
CYBERTRONIANS.

THAT IS
PRECISELY MY
POINT. THE GALACTIC
COUNCIL HAS ENOUGH
PROBLEMS WITH GIANT
MECHANICAL CREATURES
THREATENING OUR
WORLDS.

WE HAVE NO
DESIRE TO BECOME
EMBROILED IN YOUR
WAR WITH THE DIRE
WRAITHS.

IF THEY ARE
FOOLISH ENOUGH
TO ENTER OUR
SPACE, WE WILL DEAL
WITH THE WRAITHS
OURSELVES.

LIKewise,
SHOULD THE
SOLSTAR
ORDER
CROSS OUR
BORDERS...

DO NOT
THREATEN ME,
COUNCILOR.

YOUR ENEMIES,
THE DECEPTICONS,
DESTROYED A
VALUABLE SOLSTAR
STATION AND MUCH
OF ITS CREW.

WE HAVE FELT
THE STING OF
YOUR WAR...

IT
NEVER
ENDS...

...DOES
IT...?

SO, YOU
CADETS THINK
YOU HAVE WHAT
IT TAKES TO BE
KNIGHTS?

DEFEATING WRAITHS
TAKES MORE THAN
NERVE, MORE THAN
BRAVERY.

IT TAKES
SACRIFICE.

THE
MOMENT YOU
DON A KNIGHT'S
ARMOR, THE
OLD YOU IS
ERASED...

...AND THE
KNIGHT IS
ALL THAT
REMAINS.

EPILOGUE FIVE: STARDRIVE.

THEY WERE *RIGHT*
ABOUT ME.

THE ORGANICS;
THE MACHINES.
THEY *KNEW*
WHO I WAS.

I WAS *BORN*
INTO *DEATH* AND
DESTRUCTION.

AND WAR
BECAME
MY LIFE.

THEY DECIDED
WHO I WAS, SO
THEIR DECISION
SHAPED ME.

BUT NO MORE.

I AM ME.

STARDRIVE.

NOT WHO
THEY SEE
ME AS.

NOT WHO THEY
THINK I AM.

BUT WHO I
CHOOSE
TO BE.

AND THE DAY
I REALIZED...

...I COULD BE MORE
THAN CYBERTRONIAN...

...MORE THAN
A SOLSTAR
KNIGHT...

...WAS THE DAY I
WAS REBORN.

END

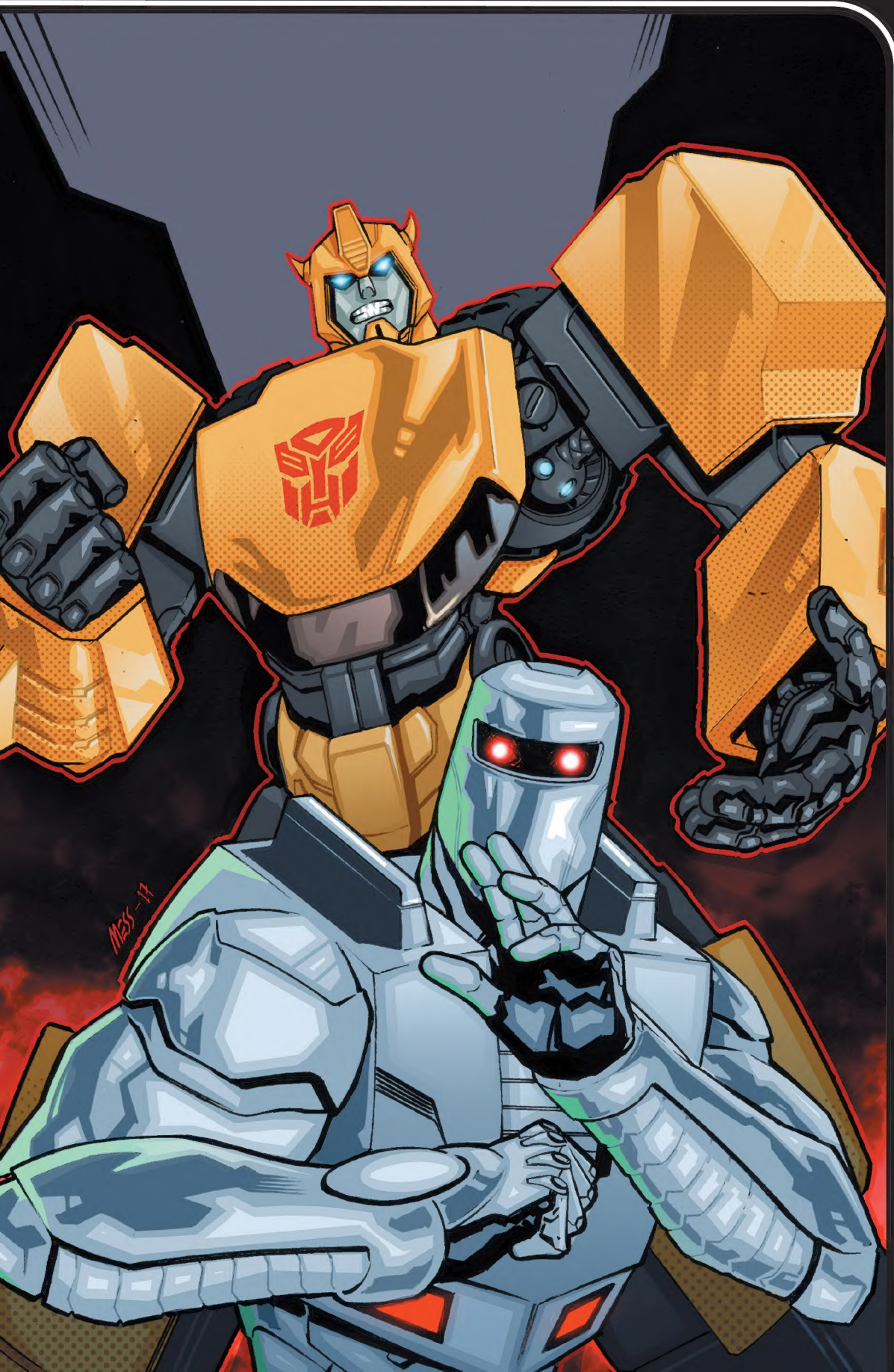














HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ROM DISCOVERED STARDRIVE,

the sole survivor of a doomed space probe. Stardrive committed herself to protecting the galaxy from the Dire Wraiths... but when the Decepticon called Starscream makes a deadly deal, Rom and the TRANSFORMERS are forced into a collision course... with Stardrive caught between two worlds!

Written by **Christos Gage**
and **John Barber** with art
by **Alex Milne.**

